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ANOTHER DICTATORSHIP in Europe! Hardly has Primo de Rivera announced a return to parliamentary government in Spain when Premier Pangalos evens the score by proclaiming absolutism in Greece. Perhaps neither change should be taken too seriously. Spain has probably not gained much democracy, nor did Greece have a great deal of it to lose. Still the action of General Pangalos adds a fresh upset in the seething Balkans, where Rumania is agog with Crown Prince Carol's renunciation of the throne and Bulgaria has just witnessed the upset of the Tsankoff ministry and the formation of a new cabinet under Liaptcheff, a Macedonian. So far as the Greeks are concerned, their political life has been a series of overturns and tragedies since the armistice. It is the misfortune of this gallant and high-spirited people to suffer from a gnawing and exaggerated nationalism and an overproduction of professional politicians. In the last half dozen years Greece has experienced three revolutions, has got rid of two kings, and has fought a disastrous war with Turkey and started one with Bulgaria. Dictator Pangalos is a notorious fire-eater who says his program will rest "solely on armed force." He excuses his assumption of power by saying he has lost patience with the politicians, "who lose no occasion to make trouble for the country." Amen, say we in regard to the trouble made by politicians. But do dictators make less?

JUST AS EVERYTHING seemed well oiled in Washington, and the country appeared to be solid behind President Coolidge in whatever he wanted to do, the farmers of Iowa have thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery. For all has not been well way down yonder in the corn fields. In the wheat belt prices have been high enough recently to bring back a semblance of prosperity, but corn has been low and the troubles of the farmers have been reflected in the failure of country banks. It required only a fatuous speech like that of Mr. Coolidge in Chicago to precipitate a revolt. And the revolt is not confined to the corn fields either. All over the West and South dissatisfaction has been smoldering under cover of apparent contentment and is now flaring up. At the moment when all seemed most serene Mr. Coolidge has a party crisis on his hands which will require expert manipulation if the Republicans are to be saved from heavy losses in the congressional elections next autumn. Mr. Coolidge is a good politician and will accept any plan just short of something effective in order to placate the agricultural vote. He has committed himself against government price-fixing and, so far as can be discerned, has no alternative of the slightest value. But, as we were saying, he is a good politician and, with the help of other party string-pullers, will probably devise some plan to fool the farmers over another election. For farmers are a credulous folk—about as much so, say, as city dwellers.

WHAT IS THE MATTER with the farmers anyway? The usual way of investigating their troubles is to send out a commission which makes a tour of the agricultural regions, reporting in favor of more cooperatives for the farmers and more telephones and bath-tubs for their wives. What a satire! The right place to investigate the ills of agriculture is in the business and financial districts of our great cities. One answer to the question, What is the matter with the farmers? was supplied at the beginning of the New Year when it was announced that since last June the First National Bank of New York City had been on a dividend basis of 100 per cent a year! When bankers, brokers, transportation companies, commission houses—our whole financial and business fabric—is taking pickings as at present, it should be obvious that there is not going to be much left for the primary producer, the farmer. The irony of our much-vaunted industrial prosperity is that it is kept afloat by an agriculture overloaded with high-interest loans, buffeted by land speculation, keeled over by heavy taxes, and scuttled by low prices for farm products. The only lasting help for the farmers lies in getting the other fellows off their backs. In this no assistance can be expected from Mr. Coolidge and the Republican Party—for the sufficient reason that they are the "other fellows."

THE TARIFF CONFERENCE held under the auspices of the Peoples' Reconstruction League in Washington, December 28 and 29, was remarkably fortunate in that it coincided with the Iowa farmers' outburst, the criticism of the Tariff Commission at the meeting of the American Economic Association, and some hot shot from what re-

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mains of the management of the Democratic Party. The combined attack was serious enough to disturb the White House not a little. Particularly rasping was Senator Capper's declaration that more protection must be given to the farmer or less protection to the manufacturer, since it went directly contrary to the learned dicta of Mr. Coolidge's Chicago speech—the most ill-fated utterance he has made since entering the White House. But there were other effective speeches besides Mr. Capper's, notably several upon the woolen and cotton industries which revealed the exploitation of the worker which is taking place throughout New England. There were, of course, some politicians present to insist that tariffs could be honestly drawn and honestly administered for a necessary protection. Even Mr. Coolidge has now admitted that it is not the foreigner who pays the tax but the American purchaser; this fact was only one of many to give encouragement to the conference, for it begins to look as if a real tariff fight were at last in sight.

WHEN THE MAN who has been with the United States Tariff Commission since it was organized comes out in the public prints with the statement that Congress should not give the commission any more money, or confirm any more Coolidge appointments, until a thorough investigation is made, it is time to take notice. A federal office-holder praying to be denied his own salary! But that is the kind of man Mr. Costigan is, and for his courage and his high conception of public service *The Nation* stands at salute. The Tariff Commission was founded in 1916. It was to be a strictly impartial investigating body; it was to "take the tariff out of politics." Mr. Harding began its decomposition in 1922 with the "flexible provisions" program which transformed the non-political fact-finding body into an agency with power to raise or lower tariff duties. President Coolidge has kept up the good work and, as in the case of the Federal Trade Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission, has packed the Tariff Commission with his hard-boiled business friends who are about as impartial, about as scientific, as Signor Mussolini or the late lamented Diaz. All pretense of impartial fact-finding has disappeared in favor of Himalayan protection. Hence well and bravely does Mr. Costigan tell the American Economic Association: "Until adequate assurances are given that the membership of the Tariff Commission will be safeguarded by law, and will conform to the standards of disinterested public service, it is fair to ask that no further appropriation for the commission's work be authorized by Congress."

THE KU KLUX KLAN is rapidly sliding into a period of deflation. The latest evidence of its collapse was the decision of the Colorado Supreme Court in favor of Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. Judge Lindsey has been fighting to hold his job against the bitter and open opposition of the Klan, which instituted proceedings to contest his election and to displace him in favor of the defeated Klan candidate. The contest was nominally initiated by Royal S. Graham, Lindsey's defeated opponent, and another citizen, Charles L. Laney. An attorney was engaged by the Klan. The case was first decided in Lindsey's favor by the district court, and Graham promptly committed suicide. Then an effort was made to appeal the case, although a new attorney for Laney filed a motion of dismissal with the Supreme Court. This motion was opposed by the original Klan attorney who wanted the case heard in "the public interest." The case was none the less dismissed and the Klan attorney is now suing the former grand dragon, Dr. John Galen Locke, for $500 which he claims was promised him when he consented to handle the fight against Lindsey. Thus everyone is discredited save only Judge Lindsey himself and the friends who rallied to the defense of him and his amazing court against the vicious but futile assaults of a declining Klan.

THE ANTHRACITE MINERS and operators have been in joint session at the Union League Club in New York City. They have been considering various plans put forward by Governor Pinchot and others to end the strike and bring peace to the industry. Alvan Markle—an operator—chairman of the joint committee, has laid a new proposal on the table. It calls for an immediate resumption of mining at the 1925 wage scale; a ten-year agreement barring strikes and lockouts; a fact-finding commission composed of three miners, three operators, and three members representing the general public. The commission is to employ a reputable firm of certified public accountants to investigate the operators' books and to determine profits and the ability to pay wages. On the basis of the accountants' findings the commission will then proceed to adjust the present—and future—disputes. The opening of the operators' books to the light of day is a cardinal concession. The miners must realize this even if they do object that the Markle plan is their hated arbitration in a purple nightshirt. Meanwhile the country has lost 27,000,000 tons of hard coal this year as against last, the miners have lost $100,000,000 in wages, and the operators an unknown amount of profit. But if the principle of a permanent fact-finding commission can be achieved, together with publicity for the accounting records, perhaps it will be worth the cost.

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY, having won a 10-per-cent rate increase, is modestly asking for 25 per cent more. Which may or may not have been a tactical blunder, for the announcement has brought forth a chorus which reverberates in Congress no less than in the locality affected. If experience is any guide, the uproar will be prodigious and the company will get the increase. But it may just be that one of these fine days the Bell system will overreach itself and wake up to find its lines federally controlled, if not taken over. The system is a natural monopoly; a competitive telephone industry has seen its intolerable day and happily passed; the accredited virtues of laissez faire have no place in the picture—painfully as this must tear Mr. Hoover's heart. It is just a great big 100-per-cent private trust, and to have any efficiency at all it *must* be a 100-per-cent trust—though the "private" is perhaps not quite so inevitable. Technically it has made good progress; lack of competition has not choked invention. Financially it has made even better progress; no stock is more sought after as a sound investment than that of the parent company. But how far this financial progress has meant inflating investment cost in the system as a whole; how far the margin between operating costs, as affected by continual technical improvement, and rates allowed by regulating bodies has been growing and has been salted down; and how far the supplies furnished by the subsidiary Western Electric enter into the picture—are largely unknown quantities. If we are to go

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on loving our little private trust, we would like to know just a bit more concretely why his cap is so often in his hand.

AN INSCRIPTION has been selected by the American Battle Monuments Commission to be placed upon the graves of our unidentified soldier dead overseas. It reads: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God." It is about the kind of inscription one would expect in the circumstances. It could be much worse; and yet it could be so much better that one regrets it isn't. The phraseology is only a mumbling over of the words and ideas with which we drugged and befuddled ourselves in the World War. What a pity that instead of windy rhetoric we haven't the courage to blaze over those tragic graves something like this: "Here lies one of the youth of the world, raised to manhood by the blood and sweat of his parents, only to be sacrificed needlessly to human ignorance and superstition." That would be unkind, some will object, because it would say to those who lost dear ones in the World War that those deaths had been in vain. But actually it is the perpetuation of false ideas about war that makes its sacrifices useless. Could its mythology be dissipated in consequence of the world conflict, the soldiers known and unknown who perished in that holocaust would have helped in the greatest service ever rendered to mankind.

ON DECEMBER 30 the National Collegiate Athletic Association deplores commercialism in general, and the Tournament of Roses football game in Pasadena in particular, as "detrimental to the best interests of amateur sport." On New Year's Day the Tournament of Roses grandstand collapses, killing one and injuring 200 spectators. No connection between the two incidents has been established, but the second throws the first into high and terrible relief. Meanwhile the National Amateur Athletic Federation declares that "professionalism has come to be the bugaboo of American athletics"; that baseball among small boys has fallen off 50 per cent in the last three years due indirectly to the commercializing of the game; and that thousands of schoolboys under sixteen are engaged in athletics for money. Well, what do you expect, gentlemen? In a civilization where success has no other measurement than money terms, where the young are told in a thousand clanging tongues that the only road is the road that is lined with gold, it is inevitable that your labored distinctions between professional and amateur should be in the main illogical, impossible, and absurd. And all your rules and regulations, your deploring and viewing with alarm, will be about as effective as a water-pot in Sahara. You will get uncommercialized sport when you get a less commercialized civilization, and not before.

THE QUESTION of what a man's private affairs have to do with his public or professional career has come up again, this time in England with the expulsion from Cambridge University of J. B. S. Haldane, professor of biochemistry, because he has been corespondent in a divorce case. Professor Haldane is admittedly one of the most brilliant scientists in England, a man of extraordinary fortitude and resource, whose experiments, many of them made at the risk of his own health and even life, have saved the lives of hundreds of children and will doubtless save thousands more. Professionally, that is, Professor Haldane is not only talented to an unusual degree but he has performed remarkable feats of self-sacrifice, presumably with no other end in view than to help his fellowmen. There is no charge that his scientific work has suffered as a result of his private friendships; that work remains firmly established as original and of benefit to the population at large. But by some wholly illogical process of reasoning the gap has been bridged between Mr. Haldane's conduct in the laboratory or the classroom and his conduct after hours when his work is done, and the one is said to be relevant to the other. The divorce was evidently conducted in the quietest and most dignified manner permitted by England's abominable divorce legislation; Mr. Haldane is reported to be about to marry the young woman whose husband divorced her. But if the affair had been a public scandal, there would still be no logical connection between the two matters. The Cambridge authorities by their action have committed the university to a grave and unnecessary loss.

REAR ADMIRAL CASPAR F. GOODRICH, whose death occurred on December 26, was not merely one of the last links with the Civil War navy, in which he was an officer at seventeen years; he was also one of the most polished and charming of gentlemen, a naval officer who knew his business from A to Z, yet had nothing in common with the blatant jingoes who too often make the uniform a synonym for brag, bluster, and war propaganda, besides being puffed up by their own importance to the point of bursting. Admiral Goodrich was modesty itself. A scholar and a profound student, he was for years one of the most valued contributors and reviewers of *The Nation*. His high professional standing was shown not only by his services in the war with Spain but by his being selected to head for a time the Naval War College. If we must have naval officers, we wish that they might all be like Admiral Goodrich, or Admiral Sigsbee, or Admiral French P. Chadwick, or Admiral Cameron Winslow. To this group also belonged, of course, Admiral William T. Sampson. They were, and some still are, as able as modest and unassuming.

IF A GOOD MANY AMERICANS today do not know that the morning star and the evening star are the same heavenly creature and that her name is Venus, the reason may be that our calendar is based upon the career of a larger and more obvious body called the sun. An ancient Maya of Central America and southern Mexico had not this excuse for ignorance concerning the loveliest of the stars, because the calendar devised by his ingenious priests was a Venus calendar; any knowing citizen of that remarkable civilization was aware that five Venus years were practically equivalent to eight sun years, that eight days elapsed between the last appearance of Hesperus in the west and the first appearance of Phosphorus in the east, and that the morning of this first appearance in the east was a morning to be feared, since the light of Venus possessed the power to slay. If the last item implies the existence of what we should call superstition among the Mayas, their calendar, as recently explained and harmonized by Herbert J. Spinden of Harvard, is full proof of their sophistication in at least one realm of science. Dr. Spinden's researches, first announced by the Peabody Museum two years ago and now completed, seem to us quite as romantic as any ever undertaken by an archaeologist.

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$2,500, Please!

THE Society for the Prevention of Crime in New York City having offered a first prize of $2,500 "to the author of the best program of practicable steps to reduce law-breaking in New York City," we hereby take up the challenge and submit our plan. So confident are we that ours is the best possible program that we claim the award here and now. It has the merit of calling for no appropriation and no new law or laws, nor for such a dubious device as the registering and finger-printing of aliens. Nor does it fall back upon that usual counsel of despair—the education of the oncoming generation. We make bold to predict that the result of its adoption would be not only an immediate decrease in punished and unpunished crime but would cause a toning up of public life throughout the land.

With this altogether modest introduction we come directly to the plan, which is simple yet revolutionary:

From February 1, 1926, all officials, whether of a municipality, a county, a State, or of the Federal Government, shall themselves cease from all violation of the laws, State and national, and of the Constitution of the United States.

There you have it! Is it not precisely what we claimed for it? What could be more revolutionary in principle and practice, since practically every sworn official considers himself superior to the law or competent to make exceptions under it or to waive it altogether?

Primarily, the reform would have to start with the White House. The President of the United States is one of our most flagrant violators of the Constitution inasmuch as he indirectly connives—like his recent predecessors—at the violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that no citizen of the United States shall be deprived of any of the privileges of citizenship by reason of his color or his previous condition of servitude and prescribes the punishment for any State which violates this provision. The disfranchisement of millions of our colored Americans brings the Constitution and the Government in Washington into contempt. It sets an example which is followed by many in the matter of the prohibition amendment. If any one clause of the Constitution can be deliberately disregarded without being repealed, why not all?

But this is not all. President Harding refused and President Coolidge has declined to carry out a mandate of Congress—that provision of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 which requires the Executive to give notice of the termination of articles or provisions in commercial treaties to which the United States is a party which restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminating customs duties on imports entering the United States in foreign vessels and discriminating tonnage dues on foreign vessels entering our ports. It was never intended to give discretion to the President in this matter.

As for the Cabinet and the law, we have the spectacle of a Secretary of the Treasury who continues to hold office after it has been officially charged by an Attorney General that his aluminum trust is a law-breaker, while Senator Couzens's committee on improper income-tax practices declares that one or more of the Secretary's companies has been unduly favored by tax assessors. The recent Secretary of War stands revealed in the aircraft investigations as having offered to protect one of his friends against whom the law officers of the Government were about to proceed. Until Attorney General Stone took the headship of the Department of Justice that department was merely a conspiracy against justice, with Jess Smith, bribe-taker, having his office for some time next to that of Attorney General Daugherty. Since then its machinery has been prostituted by the malicious persecution and prosecution of Senator Wheeler at the behest of the Republican National Committee.

A reformation of the Cabinet would have far-reaching effect upon the administration of the criminal law provided that it carried with it, from the President down, an assurance that the Constitution would be upheld in the matter of free speech, free assembly, and the other privileges of the American citizen embodied in the Bill of Rights. Ever since the war—even before—these rights have been ruthlessly denied by mayors and by the police, as witness the Mayor of Wilkes-Barre who refuses to allow any meeting to be held except by sanction of the American Legion. Contrary to the Constitution or its spirit, laws against political opinions have been passed by numerous States. Meanwhile, the underworld of crime has watched the sending to jail of a Governor of Indiana, the effective impeachment of a Governor of Texas, and the ineffective efforts to impeach the present Governor, and has seen the present Governor of Illinois ordered by the Supreme Court to repay to the State some $800,000 held to be due the State.

The underworld has not only known of Jess Smith and Harry Daugherty; it has just read of the indictment of the former Alien Property Custodian, Colonel Miller; of the conviction of the head of the Veterans' Bureau, Colonel Forbes, and it entertains no doubt that if there had been an honest administration of the Department of Justice a number of Democrats in high office would have gone to jail soon after Mr. Harding took office. The underworld has read of the airplane graft—unpunished; the Government itself as violating international law in the seizure of German private property. It knows better than any other group of citizens how many officials are deep in violations of the prohibition law; what judges punish bootleggers and then deal with them; what court attendants can be "fixed." The inhabitants of the underworld see the little fellows like themselves being sent to jail. They know of only a few cases of "higher ups" going to prison, and they know of the special favors some of these rich convicts received while in Atlanta Penitentiary, for which the warden, chaplain, and other officials were removed. Why should they respect the law?

But where the acceptance of our plan would do more to check crime than anywhere else is in the local police forces. There are few in America which do not daily violate the law in dealing with men accused or suspected of crime. We refer to the "third degree"—a torture under which confessions are wrung from suspects after days and nights of hunger and thirst and brutality, until human endurance can stand it no longer. The Supreme Court has recently denounced this in one instance. Criminals know this and innocent people too. And everyone who knows it and knows how the police arrest Chinese by the wholesale,

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and suspects of every kind without charge or warrant, and, as in Philadelphia, under the dismissed General Butler, break into houses with axes on merest suspicion, must realize that there can be no respect for a law which is thus flouted by those sworn to uphold it. The underworld sees daily the misuse of the right to arrest for "disorderly conduct" or "vagrancy"; it knows to its cost how easily men may be "framed up." Prohibition squads in search of blackmail or graft deposit whiskey flasks in corners and then arrest the tenants of the apartments. Why, in heaven's name, should the youth of the land have any respect for the law when they see the law enforcers in a magnificent conspiracy to thwart justice or to warp it to their own uses, without the slightest respect for the law themselves, since they regard it merely as a means to their ends, good or bad? From prostitute, ex-convict, the weak, the degenerate, the helpless, the police take their toll.

We submit that nothing any vice or crime commissions or societies could suggest in fifty years could do more to stop crime in the United States than the reform we suggest. Physicians of the law, heal yourselves!

Futility

A CORRESPONDENT signing simply as "Newspaper Writer" calls the attention of the New York *World* to the epitaph on Frank A. Munsey printed in the Emporia *Gazette* and written presumably by its editor, William Allen White:

REST IN TRUST

Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead.

Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money-changer, and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an 8-per-cent security.

May he rest in trust!

These are bitter lines, and the letter of "Newspaper Writer" is in the same strain. It says:

> So far as I know, Mr. White is the only editor in the country who said what he really thought about Munsey. With the others who praised him so highly I have no quarrel. There was hardly anything else for them to do. The New York papers, your own among the rest, were competitors of Mr. Munsey. They gritted their teeth and did their manners, though they hated it. Other papers considered Mr. Munsey as one of the newspaper fraternity, although on what ground I do not exactly understand, and therefore gave him his garland of rhetoric and Latin. But what a spectacle!
>
> I would sign my name to this letter, but I write it in behalf of scores of newspaper men I have talked with, and my name doesn't matter. Scores, did I say? I write it on behalf of every newspaper man in the United States.

All of which is an unusual and a terrible indictment of a man who has just passed. Yet those on the inside of journalism can hardly deny that it expresses a general sentiment. Behind the flamboyant printed eulogies have been extraordinarily bitter unprinted comments. Nor is this feeling based on personal grievance. Mr. Munsey's purchase and destruction of various old-established journals threw considerable numbers of men out of work and those who continued in his service knew him as a hard employer. But, after all, the men personally affected were few against the entire background of American journalism, and even the feeling of these few rises superior to a mere sense of individual grievance. What rankles is the conviction that Mr. Munsey commercialized and degraded a profession which, no matter how cynically he may talk of it to others, every newspaper writer loves—even if he cannot always respect it.

But while we understand this bitterness we do not altogether share it. To us Mr. Munsey's life seems more an object of pity than reproach. He had a talent for making money, but none whatever for comprehending the profession of journalism. He blundered into it as a mere means of making money and probably never realized that it was more to anybody else. Final proof of this appears in his will, one of the most pathetic testaments ever recorded. Never known as a particular friend of the Metropolitan Museum, or a lover of art in any way, he left the bulk of his millions to that gallery—apparently because he did not know what else to do with it. His life work, the chain of newspapers and magazines that he had acquired, a creation which normally should have been closest to a man's heart—all this he decreed should be sold and dissipated, treated as mere chattels. There was no plan for mutualization, no provision for carrying on his publications intact—or at all. Thus his life becomes the essence of futility and his passing illustrates the terrible tragedy of wealth in the hands of one who does not comprehend its use.

We are just as well satisfied that we did not write the epitaph "Rest in Trust." And yet—we are not altogether sorry that somebody else did.

The End of a Conspiracy

THE dismissal by Justice Bailey of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia of the indictment charging Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana with criminal conspiracy in oil-land cases finally brings crashing to the ground the case against the Senator which the Department of Justice built up after months of labor at an expense reported to be a quarter of a million dollars. From the beginning this was nothing more or less than a deliberate conspiracy to drive Senator Wheeler out of public life because of his investigation of the Department of Justice. It has now recoiled upon its makers. Those who are besmirched are the officials from President Coolidge down who connived at this conspiracy or permitted it to continue.

No one, no apologist for President Coolidge, or for Justice Stone who as Attorney General furthered the undertaking until his appointment to the Supreme Court, can deny that these suits had their origin with Harry Daugherty himself, aided and abetted by the Republican National Committee. The agents of the committee and of the department were deliberately sent to Montana to create the case. Blair Coan, an agent of the National Committee, declared that he went to Montana for the express purpose of "getting" the Senator. Senator Wheeler charges, and we do not think that his charges will be denied, that the Federal District Attorney in Montana, Mr. Slattery, was compelled to obtain the indictment by threats from his superiors in Washington. The Department of Justice did not desist from its course even after a committee of the Senate, headed by Mr. Borah, had reported upon investigation that there was no foundation for the charges. Every Senator present when the report was read voted to uphold it with one exception, and he voted No on a technicality.

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After a delay of a year, during which time the indictment was used by the Republican National Committee and others as campaign material, the case was tried before a Montana jury and Senator Wheeler was acquitted. Meanwhile, the malice of the department had been manifested by the reindictment in the District of Columbia of Senator Wheeler and two associates, the idea being, apparently, to put the defendants to the greatest possible annoyance and expense by compelling them to bring their witnesses all the way from Montana. It is this indictment which Justice Bailey has dismissed as having no basis in law whatever. The District Attorney admitted that the law had been interpreted by him to mean what he thought was the intent of Congress!

Happy as we are that justice has been done and that the courts concerned have lived up to the best traditions of our judiciary, we do not think the case should stop there. In the last hours of the Montana trial the prosecution produced a New York lawyer of considerable notoriety who swore to a conversation with Senator Wheeler in New York City which the Senator had no difficulty in proving never took place. Now we should like to ask the Department of Justice whether it will proceed against this man for perjury? That will be an acid test of the sincerity of the Department of Justice, just as the use of this man was an illuminating example of how low the department could sink in its efforts to convict an innocent man. The episode is all the more unhappy since the prosecution went on under the direction of Harlan F. Stone, lately the dean of a great law school, a teacher of youth, and now a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A Confusion of Tongues

NOTHING today is more depressing—or stimulating, as the case may be—than the inability of certain divergent schools of poetry to understand one another. The inability in turn of the general public to understand any of the schools may be more depressing still, but that is another matter. I. A. Richards, the author last year of the most interesting volume of literary discussion to appear in perhaps a decade, "The Principles of Literary Criticism," was deeply concerned over the widening breach between good criticism of art and the public taste. "With the increase of population," wrote Mr. Richards, "the problem presented by the gulf between what is preferred by the majority and what is accepted as excellent by the most qualified opinion has become infinitely more serious and appears likely to become threatening in the near future." That is true and important. Yet one may be almost as much concerned over the contemporary confusion of poetical tongues, a confusion resulting in the existence side by side in the same country or the same city of at least two kinds of poetry which are equally excellent and at the same time totally different—different in rhythm, in mood, in diction, in phraseology, and in subject matter—so that a poet on one side is quite at a loss to know what a poet on the other side is talking about.

A layman would probably say that only one of these sides had a case. To him it might seem that the only "difficult" poetry now being published was that represented by the books of T. S. Eliot. And it is true that Mr. Eliot presents his difficulties. Indeed, in a recent essay on the English metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century—the "difficult" poets of another generation—Mr. Eliot insisted that "poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning." One result of this doctrine is, of course, Mr. Eliot's "The Waste Land," which, though annotated, remains incomprehensible to many highly intelligent poets who happen to belong to another tradition.

What the layman may not know is that the poetry which he would oppose to "The Waste Land" as clear and simple is neither clear nor simple to Mr. Eliot and his followers. He would probably oppose some sort of "nature poetry" to these verses which perplex him so sadly. But Mr. Eliot and others like him have gone on record as being unable to understand most of the nature poetry produced today, and there is no reason for supposing that their difficulty is merely pretended. For nature poetry has its own definite tradition, and the fact that this tradition seems to the layman to be the older of the two does not alter the circumstance that it too stems from a complicated and sophisticated—in short, a difficult—view of the world. The ideas underlying it may be conveniently if not finally traced to Wordsworth, who considered it necessary to write "The Prelude," a poem 370 pages long, in order to elucidate these ideas and to defend them against a critical public which failed to comprehend them. Wordsworth is held sacred by a good many persons today for his simplicity. But so able a contemporary reviewer as Francis Jeffrey charged him with perpetrating "poetical paradoxes," and felt that he "must ascribe the peculiarities of his composition not to any transient affectation or accidental caprice of imagination but to a settled perversity of taste or understanding."

If many of us now disagree with Jeffrey, it is in part because Wordsworth is a great poet and in part because we have got used to him. But by no means all of us are used to him, and doubtless the rank and file of Mr. Eliot's school do not even understand him. In the first place they are city men who have little or no acquaintance with Wordsworth's material of mountain, shepherd, and lake. In the second place they are disposed not to believe with him that "man and nature are essentially adapted to each other," or that "the mind of man is naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature." The mirror of their minds reflects a motley of shifting shapes rather than an ordered procession of forms. And why, they quite justly ask, should they be blamed for this condition?

Wordsworth's instinct in the face of a complex civilization was to search with his imagination for a serene and luminous truth behind appearances. The instinct of these moderns is to play their fancy over confused appearances, disbelieving as they do in the existence of anything behind. Who can prove either of the parties wrong in a dispute which philosophy itself has never managed to settle? At any rate they will continue to diverge, and it behooves the layman, in so far as he may be interested in the matter at all, to study the exact conditions of the divergence—neither to resent too much the confessed difficulty of the Eliots nor to miss entirely the concealed difficulty of the Wordsworths.

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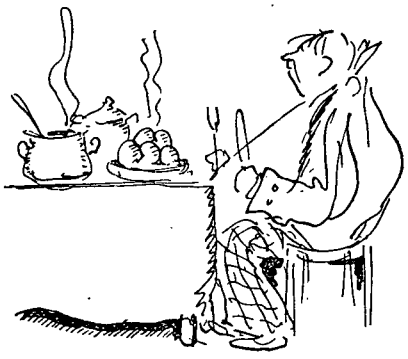
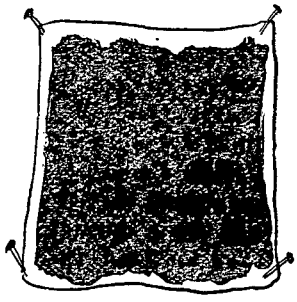
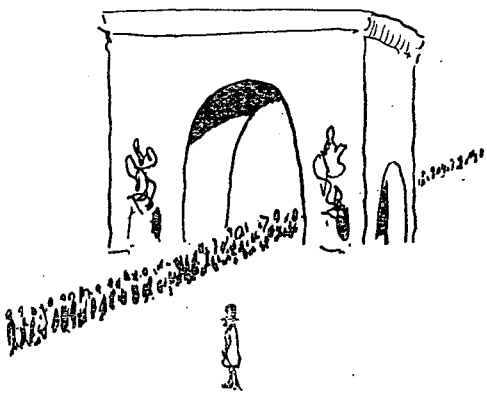


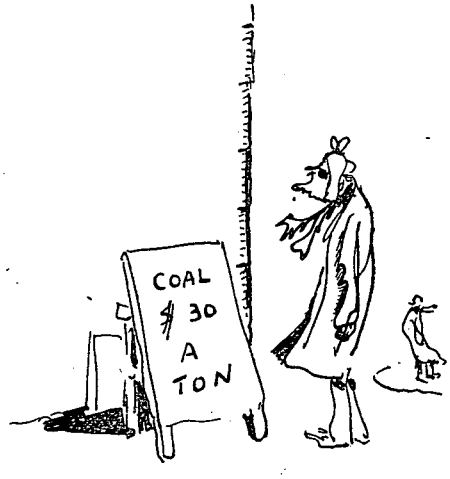
KANSAS CITY, MO.—According to medical statistics 14,321,892 people died in America last year from overeating. The Kansas Chapter of the W. C. T. U. proposes a constitutional amendment abolishing food.



NEW YORK CITY.—Secretary of State Kellogg explains the policies of the Department of State.

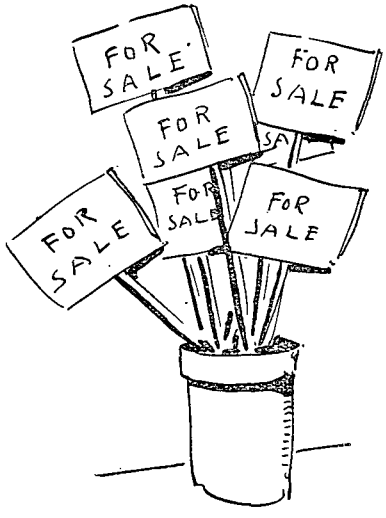
PARIS, FRANCE.—President Doumergue reviews those of his compatriots who have been members of the cabinet since October 27 of last year.





U. S. A.—110,000,000 people manage to keep cool with Coolidge.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Prohibition Agent Swiller spends $3,249.47 to get evidence that 30 cents' worth of corn brandy is sold within shade of the Capitol.



CHICAGO, ILL.—The Florida boom has swept Illinois. Florida real estate is being sold in retail quantities by all leading florists and ashmen.

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Syria—Acid Test of the Mandates System

By EDWARD MEAD EARLE

THERE has been an unfortunate disposition to regard the bombardment of Damascus as a closed incident. Some overoptimistic friends of France have taken undue comfort in the recall of General Sarrail and the substitution for him of a High Commissioner, M. de Jouvenel. Friends of the League rejoice that the Permanent Mandates Commission has asked for a special report on the Syrian mandate; all that need be done, therefore, is to wait patiently until February when the new High Commissioner, like his predecessors, will inform the League that France is determined to fulfil her high mission of civilization among the Arabs. Meanwhile, Syrians are being killed for defending those Wilsonian principles of self-determination to which the Allies pledged allegiance during the late war.

A very heavy share of the responsibility for six years of military despotism in Syria, terminating in the vandalism of Damascus, must be borne by the League of Nations. One may be a severe critic of unimpaired national sovereignty and a bitter opponent of competitive imperialism, a friend of the League and of the mandates system, without finding himself committed to blind and unreasoning acceptance of every act of the League as ipso facto just and politic. Among the very worst enemies of the League in the United States are those who seek repose in the comfortable theory that the League can do no wrong, and by glossing over embarrassing facts miss many a fine opportunity to profit by healthy criticism. The effect of this is to substitute for an uncritical emotional nationalism an uncritical emotional internationalism.

It must be admitted that the task of France and of the League in Syria has been far from simple. The cardinal fact is that the French are not wanted in Syria; as to this, there can be no doubt on the part of anyone who reads the report of the King-Crane Commission or the manifesto of the Syrian General Congress of July, 1919. French colonial and military officials are inexperienced in dealing with a people as advanced and as high-spirited as the Syrians and have been inclined to treat protests as insubordination. Absorbed with other pressing problems of reparations, security, finance, and a costly Riffian war, France has fallen into the error of treating Syria as an unimportant colony, rather than as a mandated territory. In short, a situation faced France which required unusual tact, sympathy, and punctilious regard for native susceptibilities; she was obliged to meet it unprepared from every point of view—psychological, financial, administrative.

Nor has the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League been treading a path of roses. Its powers of investigation and recommendation have been sharply curtailed by the Council. Its outstanding friends have been among the smaller countries, whereas the principal mandates are distributed among the Great Powers, none of which is likely to rock the imperialistic boat. Even had it worked under ideal conditions, furthermore, the commission would have been handicapped by lack of precedent as well as by inexperience in the supervision of colonial administration.

Acknowledgment of the difficulties under which France and the League have operated, however, constitutes no justification for passing over lightly the record of the French administration or the negligence of the Mandates Commission. The French military administration in Syria has from the first been arbitrary, unsympathetic, and occasionally brutal. Rigid censorship of the press and schools, excessive and unwarranted use of courts martial, deportations of leading Syrians both Christian and Moslem, domination of Syrian courts by French judges, and failure to develop political institutions in the direction of independence are but a few outstanding instances of the manner in which the spirit of the mandate has been ignored. Furthermore, the use of Algerian and Senegalese troops under tactless officers has embittered Syrians and has brought the whole mandates system into disrepute. Perhaps the most damnable feature of modern imperialism is the manner in which the liberties of a small people are crushed out and its young men turned over to the tender mercies of a drill-sergeant that they may be prepared for the task of crushing out in turn the liberties of other small peoples. The use of colonial troops in the mandated areas should be prohibited by the League. A nation which undertakes the "sacred trust of civilization" involved in a mandate should not pass on to conscripted colonials the blood and sweat involved in the "white man's burden."

It is in the economic sphere that the French have been perhaps most negligent. In spite of the protests of every articulate local agency, Syria has had foisted upon it a depreciated paper currency adjusted in value to the rapidly depreciating French franc. In July, 1925, the Syrian pound had sunk to less than half the value of the Turkish pound, which had been the medium of exchange before and during the Great War. (Turkey, be it recalled, was prostrate in 1918 and has had none of the advantages of administrative assistance from Western Europe.) Little has been done to relieve widespread unemployment occasioned by post-war depression. Perhaps the best indication of the character of French rule in Syria is to be had from the following classification of public expenditures (in francs) from 1919 to 1922:

Education	6,300,000
Public works	10,000,000
Administrative expenses and charitable institutions	76,000,000
Maintenance of troops	1,782,000,000

To appreciate the widespread discontent in Syria it is necessary to judge the record of the French only by their own pledges. On November 7, 1918, the British and French governments issued a public declaration concerning the policies which they proposed to follow in the administration of Syria, Palestine, and Iraq. In the light of subsequent developments this declaration is as thoroughgoing a denunciation of French rule in Syria as can be found.

> The end aimed at by France and Great Britain, in their carrying out of the war in the East unloosed by German ambition, is the complete and final enfranchisement of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of national governments and administrations drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of the native populations.

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> To fulfil these purposes, France and Great Britain have agreed to encourage and help the establishment of native governments and administrations in Syria and Mesopotamia, which have been freed by the Allies, and in the territories whose liberation they are now pursuing, and to recognize these as soon as they are effectively established. Far from wishing to impose upon the populations of these regions any particular institutions, the Allies have no other desire than to assure, by their support and by an effective assistance, the normal functioning of the governments and administrations which the populations have freely given themselves. To assure an impartial and equal justice for all, to facilitate the economic development of the country by helping and encouraging local initiative, to favor the spread of education, to bring to an end Turkish political divisions, too long exploited, such is the role which the two Allied governments assume in the liberated territories.

Furthermore, by Article 22 of the Treaty of Versailles France pledged herself to consider the "well-being and development" of Syria "a sacred trust of civilization"; to exercise her authority in Syria as mandatory on behalf of the League; to recognize provisionally the independence of Syria "subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance"; to acknowledge that the principal consideration in the government of the country must be the wishes of the Syrians themselves. In addition, according to the terms of the mandate as drafted by the French Government and approved by the League, it was specified that all administration must be in the spirit of the mandate and that the organic law should be framed "in agreement with the native authorities, and should take into account the rights, interests, and wishes of all the population." According to the standards which they set for themselves, the French have written a record of failure in Syria.

Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations states definitely as regards mandates that "securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant"; that "this tutelage should be exercised by mandatories on behalf of the League"; that "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory"; and that "a permanent commission should be constituted to receive and examine the annual reports of the mandatories and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates." These are the responsibilities undertaken by the League. How have they been observed?

The French annual reports concerning the Syrian mandate, which the Mandates Commission has accepted, have been misleading and incomplete, if not inaccurate. Naturally enough the French administration in Syria judges the performance of its task by somewhat different standards from those of the Syrians or the outside world. The minutes of the Permanent Mandates Commission contain not the barest suggestion that there have been six armed insurrections in Syria since 1919. Petitions received from Syrians complaining about the character of the French administration have been returned to the signatories on the ground that the Mandates Commission is not authorized to accept petitions except through the French Government. In other words, Syrians living under an oppressive military rule must forward their complaints to the French High Commissioner at Beirut, who, until recently, was also the commander of the French troops; he in turn transmits them to Paris for submission to Geneva. It is difficult to see how under such a regime the Mandates Commission can hope to be informed about developments in areas for the administration and well-being of which it is held responsible by the Covenant.

It is rightly said that the most effective weapon of the League is publicity. Not a word of publicity concerning the present Syrian uprising has emanated from Geneva, as indeed there has been no publicity from League sources concerning five previous insurrections in which French casualties alone amounted to almost six thousand. If foreign property had not been destroyed, and if it had not been necessary to send foreign warships to Beirut for the protection of foreign lives, news of the bombardment of Damascus might not have reached the civilized world.

The foregoing criticisms of the French administration in Syria and of the negligence of the League are not altogether destructive. The League of Nations still possesses a great opportunity to vindicate itself and to justify the mandates system. A minimum program might be as follows:

1. The Council of the League should dispatch an impartial commission of inquiry to Syria to publish all of the facts in the case, rather than those which emanate from French and Arab sources. In adopting such a course of action, the Council would be following the precedents which it has set in the Graeco-Bulgar boundary dispute and in the case of Turkish atrocities in the vilayet of Mosul. Failure to send such a commission and to publish its conclusions will convict the League of adopting one standard for small nations and another for Great Powers.

2. The mandates system cannot succeed without the cooperation of the Near Eastern peoples, and their cooperation will never be forthcoming until they are convinced that their case will obtain an honest hearing. The League, therefore, should maintain a resident commissioner in each of the "Class A" mandated areas, including Syria, to receive complaints and petitions and to inform the Permanent Mandates Commission concerning observance of the letter and spirit of the Covenant. A precedent for such a course of action exists in the report of the Turco-Iraq Boundary Commission which proposes that a League resident be set up at Mosul on behalf of the minorities there represented.

3. The Permanent Mandates Commission should be given wider powers of investigation and recommendation in order that in future it may act before a scandal such as that of Damascus is allowed to develop.

If the League fails to do this minimum, it must be prepared to admit that the term mandate is a euphemism, little more than a new name for an old imperialism.

As for France, she likewise has an opportunity to restore her good name in the Near East. Already there are hopeful signs in the widespread admission in the French press and in the Chamber of Deputies that the bombardment of Damascus constitutes a national humiliation. It is also a hopeful sign that a civil administration already has replaced a succession of three French generals. But further steps are required. The independence of Syria should be provisionally recognized and a Syrian national administration should be set up parallel to an "invisible administration" of French advisers. A definite date for evacuation should be set, and every nerve should be strained to prepare Syria for self-defense and self-government by that date. Finally, France should adopt a generous and conciliatory spirit toward those Syrian patriots who, by struggling for their independence, have discredited a military imperialism and have given France and the League an opportunity to make the acid test of the mandates system.

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The New World Court

By WILLIAM HARD

II. As Trap

THERE are just three differences, actual or alleged, between the old Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, to which we belong, and the new Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague, to which we are asked to belong:

1. It is alleged that arbitration is not really law. It is alleged that the old Permanent Court of Arbitration is not really a law court. It is alleged that the new Permanent Court of International Justice, in giving us law, in giving us judicial processes, will give us something which will be far superior to arbitrational processes.

2. The old Court is a flexible bench. The new Court is a fixed bench. The old Court consists of scores of judges from among whom five judges or three judges are selected by the contending nations to sit upon a given case. The new Court consists of fifteen judges who themselves decide which eleven of them or which nine of them or which three of them will sit upon a given case.

3. The old Court has no connection with the League of Nations. The new Court has numerous connections with the League of Nations.

I contend that this third difference is the only one which can really importantly actuate the American promoters of American entrance into the new Court.

I will glance at the first difference first. Is the old Court a law court?

I will begin by saying that it itself thinks that it is. The preamble of its constitution says that it is "desirous of extending the reign of law." Article 34 of its constitution says that its judges shall be "persons of known competency in questions of law." Article 37 of its constitution says that its judges shall make their decisions "on the basis of respect for law."

Its decisions in practice conform to this rule. Its decisions in practice are constructed exactly as the decisions of the new Permanent Court of International Justice are constructed. They begin by considering "the facts." They go on to considering "the law."

I will now quote from Sir Frederick Pollock, of England, second to no man in the world for labors in the history of law. He says:

> An arbitrator is a person chosen to act as a judge on a particular occasion. There is no foundation for any notion that he is less bound to observe the rules of judicial conduct than are the judges of a permanent court.

I will next quote from Dr. John Bassett Moore, our fellow-citizen, member of the old Court, member of the new Court, equal of the best law scholars of any country. He says:

> Arbitration is, and always has been, in international law, a judicial process.

I will finally quote from Professor Manley O. Hudson, of Harvard, formerly of the League Secretariat, our most perfected arguer for the new Court. He says:

> Arbitrations have long proceeded along juridical lines. Whether a court is arbitrating or adjudicating, it will endeavor to find law that is applicable. The procedure of the Permanent Court of International Justice follows in broad outline the procedure before the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The fact then is that this first difference between the two courts is so thin that it is barely visible in theory and virtually totally invisible in practice to many of the best eyes. Surely it does not at all explain the present immense mass propaganda for the new Court.

I come then to the second difference. In last week's article I touched upon it. I contended that no American President will ever go to the new Court with any important American question. I used, for illustration, the question of immigration. I will here use it again for a moment further.

Our immigration laws are offensive to many countries. Among those countries are conspicuously Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania, China, Japan. On an immigration-treaty dispute, if we go to the old Court, we can at least be sure that three of the five judges will not be chosen from any of those countries. In the new Court we would find, on the fixed bench, fixedly confronting us the Italian Judge Anzilotti, the Jugoslavian Judge Yovanovitch, the Rumanian Judge Negulesco, the Chinese Judge Wang Chung-hui, and the Japanese Judge Oda.

Why pretend? We will not, in any important matter, go there. We shall regard these foreigners not as judges but as representatives of their countries.

I shall now on this point quote from M. Léon Bourgeois, of France. He was the first president of the Council of the League of Nations. He had been a delegate to the second Hague Conference of 1907. He had been a delegate to the first Hague Conference of 1899. In the observation of peace methods he was one of the world's most experienced veterans. In the first Hague Conference he discussed the idea of an international judicial fixed bench. He said that governments would not take important cases to such a bench. With a penetrating truthfulness which is as accurate now as it was then, he said:

> The judges of a permanent court, however impartial they might be, would run the risk of assuming in the eyes of universal public opinion the character of representatives of their nations; and governments, believing that the court was subject to political influence, would not regard it as a disinterested court.

Of course!

The first difference between the two courts is nothing for either court; and the second difference is to the advantage of the old Court. I come now to the third difference.

When President Harding first suggested our entrance into the new Court, all our prominent pro-Leaguers said: "Ah! We are on our way to Geneva. Geneva is the sure next stop." Now they say: "Absolutely, there is no railroad between the Hague and Geneva."

Well, they are honorable men. I believed them the first time.

Let us continue to turn from theory and to look squarely at practice. Let us see what we actually shall be doing if we join the new Court with the Harding-Hughes-

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Coolidge reservations. Let us see how long we could do it without becoming in full effect a member of the League.

We are to go to Geneva to help elect the judges of the new Court. Last time the League elected a judge of the new Court (Epitacio da Silva Pessoa, of Brazil), it did it in between considering, on a given day, "the protection of women and children in the Far East" and "the admission to the League of the Irish Free State." We are not to be present for these other duties of the League. We are to dash in, however, for the electing of judges. Perhaps the doorman will ring a little bell for us. The electing of judges being over, he will perhaps ring the little bell for us again. In any case we must then dash out.

But we must not dash far. Under the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations we reserve to ourselves the right to have our say about any and all revisions of the constitution of the new Court. The League is the Court's creator and reviser. Efforts to revise the Court, either by direct amendments to its constitution or by the imposing of new strange duties upon it through multitudinous treaties filed at Geneva, are continuous. So, if we have sense, and if we wish to protect our interests, we must stay in Geneva all the time. We must stay and wait for the tinkle of the little bell.

Suppose somebody on the floor tries to revise the Court. In we pop. "Hold on," we shout, "we are members." Somebody interrupts. He starts proposing that Greece and Bulgaria shall not fight. He starts proposing that all wars hereafter shall be conducted by France or by some other first-class Power. The doorman gives us three sharp violent tinkles. Out we pop. "Wait, wait," we cry, "wait till we are out of sight. We are not members."

Then we go to our hotels, to wait for the bell; but how much, how far, have we really escaped? How are all elections, whether of judges or of other officials, accomplished? How are all legislative acts, whether creative or revisionary, accomplished? By negotiations. By bargainings. By givings and takings of extraneous benefits in order to accomplish immediate concurrences. That is politics, immemorially, unalterably. Are we political children? Are we political babies? Do we think that we can dive into one part of the pool of the League's work and not be swallowing water from its other parts?

If any such infantile thought should be in our minds, it will be dispelled as soon as we reach the Hague. We must go to the Hague. We must sit in the new Court. Our fellow-citizen Dr. Moore, sitting in the Court, will cease to represent merely the law and himself. He will represent the United States. That is why we are asked to join the new Court. It is not that Dr. Moore's decisions will improve. It is that behind him then there will be our official sanction, our official presence.

We sit in the Court and what do we do? We draw our pay from the League Treasury at Geneva. We look forward to our promised pension from the League Treasury at Geneva. And we spend three-quarters of our time not making any decisions of our own but writing out long opinions to send to the League at Geneva telling the League what to do and how to do it.

The new Court has handled sixteen subjects. On only four of them has it made decisions of its own. On all the rest of them it has been the mere attorney of the League. On only four of them has it made settlements. On all the rest of them it has made merely a legal diagram for the League to use, or not to use, in whatever settlement the League might choose to make, or not to make. In other words, the new Court has been a court four times; and it has been the League's advisory legal court-yard twelve times.

I pause to note that Elihu Root, regarding advisory opinions by the new Court to the League, has said: "They are a violation of all juridical principles." I pause to note that Dr. Moore has said: "The giving of advisory opinions is not an appropriate function of a court of justice." I then resume the human political aspect of the matter. We cannot give advice regarding the affairs of an institution and not be involved in those affairs. Imagine people who would come to you and say:

> We know you do not wish to belong to our golf club. You have refused to belong to it. We accept your decision. We, however, are now about to appoint an advisory committee to advise us about our greens and bunkers and locker-rooms. We have thought up a way of separating you from the club. You will sit with the club in choosing its advisory committee. You will sit with the advisory committee in advising the club. You will help to say how the greens shall be rolled and where the bunkers shall be built and to whom the lockers shall be distributed. Thus you will have nothing to do with the club and be entirely free of all participation in, and of all responsibility for, its affairs.

What would you think of such people? Would you say that their proposition was a tricky trap or would you not?

But, in the case of the League, there is more ahead. Under Article 13 of the League's Covenant, the League has the duty of enforcing the decisions of the new Court. Some unruly nation refuses to obey a decision which we in the Court have helped to hand down. The League proceeds to try to coerce it. Then, under the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations, what do we say to the League? We say:

> My dear fellow! I'm so sorry! I really am so sorry that I helped to get you into this bother. But remember our bargain! I do not belong to your organization. I agreed only to sit on this bench—at the Hague—and shed my ink. When it comes to shedding blood, when it comes to enduring economic inconveniences, in order to produce respect for my ink-stand, under your system, why, my dear fellow, it is for you, and you alone, to provide the blockades and the troops.

I will ask any man, woman, or fourteen-year-old child in this whole country: How long could we abide in that refuge of the slacker and quitter? How long could we abide in the glare of that dishonor?

We all in our hearts know: Not one minute. The League system is a system. We cannot go into part of it and not find ourselves in all of the rest of it. Joining the Court, joining the League, joining "sanctions"—those three things are the same thing.

I contended last week that the new Court is a triple sham on peace. I have contended this week that the new Court inevitably traps us into an international organization which we thought we had rejected; and I have pointed out that it traps us into "sanctions," into coercions of sovereign states. I next week shall contend that it thus accumulatingly constitutes a complete betrayal of the special international duty and destiny to which this country was dedicated by its founders.

[Next week: The New World Court, As a Derailment of Americanism.]

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"Suspicious Cal"

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., January 2

A COOLIDGE characteristic upon which no biographer or Mayflower magazine writer ever dwells is his inherent suspicion. Yet every man who has had intimate touch with him knows that to be an outstanding trait in the Coolidge of today. It is the natural and really inevitable companion to the quality of extreme caution which his most ardent and eulogistic admirers agree he possesses to an extent that long ago caused him to be called "Cautious Cal." There is fair ground for contending that caution and timidity are practically synonymous, but without pressing that point it is certainly true that suspicion is the natural accompaniment of either or both. No bold or impulsive man is suspicious. As he climbed, or rather was pushed, up the political hill toward the Presidency it was natural that this tendency with which Mr. Coolidge was born should increase. As what he got in the way of political honor and place seemed more worth while, a man with a naturally distrustful disposition quite logically concludes the number of those eager to take it away from him has proportionately increased. If the unfortunate Slemp, who once walked so wide about the White House and dreamed dreams of a cabinet chair following a committee chairmanship, could be got to talk with complete candor on this quality of the presidential mind it would be a revealing and interesting discourse. However, he will do nothing of the sort, either with the spoken word or in the book on Mr. Coolidge which I understand he has published or is about to publish. But enough of that. The purpose of this article is not to analyze the Coolidge character but merely to make the point that his suspicious nature has thoroughly inoculated—or perhaps it is inherent with them, too—the little circle of New England friends who constitute his White House intimates and form what might be called his political Cabinet. The whole lot of them are suspicious, even the venerable Sargent. Scarcely an outstanding Republican in Washington but is suspected of secretly plotting to gain the 1928 nomination, and the thing has reached the point where after a hard day at headquarters, when they gather to talk things over at night, some of them see a candidate behind every tree on the White House lawn. While that, of course, is an exaggeration the remarkable thing is that to some extent at least these suspicions are fairly well founded. In Washington today a curious and seemingly illogical situation exists.

Nearly everyone active or interested in politics agrees that Mr. Coolidge will be renominated and probably reelected in 1928. Yet it is scarcely possible to move around town without bumping into more or less prominent Republicans obviously bursting with presidential aspirations or breaking into a conversation on the subject of somebody's candidacy other than Mr. Coolidge. It is equally impossible not to grasp the fact that the more important of the politicians of the President's party, those who wield the most influence and are regarded as leaders, while publicly predicting his nomination, hope in their hearts they are wrong and are anxious for an opportunity to sidetrack him. It is a strange contradiction—this insistence that Coolidge will succeed himself coupled with the active anticipation that he will do nothing of the kind.

The answer is this: the Old Guard leaders know perfectly well that if nothing happens to impair his present hold upon the people or break the practical unanimity of his press support, nothing can prevent Mr. Coolidge's renomination, and they regard, with some degree of logic, the 1928 Republican nomination as equivalent to election. In their opinion the Democratic Party will still be split in the next campaign and the Democratic ticket be what in ring parlance is known as a set-up. If things stay as they are there will, they agree, be no opposition to Mr. Coolidge for the nomination.

However, human as well as political experience teaches that things never do stay as they are. To these men who know the power of the propaganda upon which the Coolidge popularity is built, how it has been managed and upon what it has been based, who see him personally on matters of state and know his dependence upon his cabinet members—principally Hoover—who have the mental measure of this little Massachusetts group around him—to them it is incredible that his hold will last two more years. That it will not is their hope and their bet. It has lasted now a lot longer than a good many astute fellows thought possible. It is perhaps a fifty-fifty chance the break will come inside of two years, either through a cessation of the prosperity of which he is the totem pole or through some unexpected change in public sentiment. It is always possible the people may get fed up on the homely virtues and want something saltier. Or some crisis may arise which, the White House inadequately meeting, will turn the tide as swiftly against him as it now is with him. It is largely a matter of luck, but the chance is there of a break, and that is what gives vitality and importance to the present talk of other candidates.

The fact is there are more Republicans today secretly cherishing presidential hopes than in a long while. Some of them would surprise you. Our present President and his immediate predecessor have unquestionably encouraged White House aspirations in the breasts of men whose dreams in a previous day would not have reached that high. But now they ask themselves, "If Harding and Coolidge made it, why not I?" and immediately they begin to aspire, not openly of course—no one in his right mind would do that at this time—but none the less sincerely. Earnest disclaimers and equally earnest declarations for the good Calvin could, if they were cornered, probably be obtained from all of them, big as well as little, but neither the disclaimer nor the declaration would mean much.

The latest name on the list is that of Longworth. There is no doubt the bug has bitten the new Speaker. The poison is in his blood. Once in it can never be eradicated. In his case it is not to be wondered that he should think of himself as in the White House. He was, as he says, for a long time the Little Boy Blue of that establishment. Then consider whom he married. Consider further that the office he now holds is but two jumps from the Presidency. Consider, too, that he has, by reverting to the old Cannon customs, established himself not as a mere presiding officer but as the real House leader and dictator. Consider that for twenty years he was more or less a political nonentity; that he became in the last session a party factor and in this one is a party figure wielding almost autocratic power. That is stepping some for a Cincinnati

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Congressman whose claim to fame up to two years ago was based on his marriage to a President's daughter. It is not surprising he takes the idea seriously. Why not? He laughs it off of course, but no kitten ever liked warm milk better than he the mention of his name in this connection. But all of them are like that no matter how indignant they pretend to be. Of course Mr. Longworth is not really a big man, but obviously that is no bar to the Presidency, and here in Washington at two large and important recent dinners he has been publicly boosted for the Presidency in such a way as to justify him in thinking about it for the rest of his life—and he will. There is no doubt of that. They all do.

In the meantime Mr. Coolidge has all the best of it. With thousands of appointments still to make, with the White House and Mayflower available for entertainment, with the press still loyal and true, there will be no nourishment in fighting him if things stay as they are, and no one is thinking of doing it. They will not oppose Cal if he is a candidate—but they devoutly hope something will happen to prevent him from being one. Far more than any Democrat, these Republican leaders would like to see him slip. Some are not beyond surreptitiously tossing a political banana peel in his path.

If anyone thinks the President does not know this situation and is not filled with dark suspicions, all it is necessary to do is to talk with some of these New England intimates of his who gather at night upstairs in the White House once or twice a week to report on what they have seen and heard during the day. They know a hearty cheer would go up from many Republican throats if Cal should come a cropper. If tears should be shed, they would be crocodile tears. Cal knows this, too, and the extreme caution with which he looks before putting his foot down these days is wonderful to watch.

Suspicious? He has a right to be.

In the Driftway

RELENTLESSLY the front line of "civilization," of "progress," of modern industrialism is being extended further and further into the ancient strongholds. Thus the Drifter hears from Japan that Tokio is bursting with great office buildings, that the streets are being paved and sewered, that taxis are competing with rickshaws. Sandwiched in between all this up-to-dateness, of course, are the little wooden shops, the brightly flowered kimonos of the women and children, the stilt-like wooden shoes that click along the pavements, the ox-carts, the paper windows, the formal and exquisite gardens. Everything has not yet changed; but everything, it sometimes seems, is changing.

* * * * *

NOR is the Drifter the only one who deplores the new and laments the old. Exporters of fine Japanese handwork, of the brilliantly dyed silks and neatly worked embroideries, the little purses with bone clasps, the innumerable articles that are beautiful at least partly because they are unique complain bitterly that these things are becoming harder and harder to find. Foreign machine-made articles, painfully cheap and ugly, are displayed in their place, and proudly pointed to by the proprietors of the small shops. And it is difficult to explain to the erstwhile hand-workers that quantity production and a lower price will not recommend their new wares to customers. When Mr. Eli Whitney completed his unfortunate invention doubtless he was thinking, as he watched the cotton being ginned so many times faster than it had ever been done by hand, of the beautiful smooth cotton cloth that would result from his work. He failed to see the young children who would stand twelve hours in front of certain looms, the ugly, vulgar patterns that would take the place of those woven carefully and slowly by hand, the building of larger and larger machines and still larger factories to house them, the change from personal to impersonal industry, the long hours, the low wages, the years of strife between employer and employed, the group of men sentenced to seven years on the horrible prison ship "Success" for forming a little club to ask an increase of a shilling a week in wages. There is no reason why Whitney should have seen these things; doubtless if he had he would have deplored them—though he would not have destroyed his invention because he would have seen the benefits of a machine age also. But the change from hand to machine labor is always a painful one and many fine things are lost thereby.

* * * * *

LESS earth-shaking is the wail of the proprietors of geisha in Japan. The owners of these unhappy girls are put out because their charges are adopting short hair. They do not object on aesthetic grounds; evidently the customers have not yet complained. But the girls in some cases at least are saving enough money that they formerly had to pay to hair-dressers for elaborate coiffures to purchase their freedom. It is evident, say the outraged gentlemen, that if a woman is enabled to free herself from an obnoxious slavery simply by shearing her long black hair, business eventually will not prosper. Here, however, is one advantage of civilization that the Drifter does not condemn. If short hair is more comfortable, by all means let it be the fashion; and when it makes as momentous a change in the life of a young woman as he has described above, let it be advocated from the house-tops.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Purpose of Plant Quarantine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article Worms and Dutch Bulbs by Neil Van Aken in *The Nation* of December 16 so misrepresents the policy and practice of the Department of Agriculture in administering the Plant Quarantine Act that I feel constrained to present the actual situation for the information of you and your readers.

Mr. Van Aken devotes his article chiefly to conveying the impression that the quarantine on narcissus bulbs was imposed through the influence of American bulb growers and for the purpose of protecting their industry against foreign competition. In this there is not a vestige of truth. The impetus for the imposition of this quarantine came exclusively from scientists in the Department of Agriculture, who had become convinced through their studies that the pests found in narcissus bulbs constituted a serious menace. No suggestion looking toward a quarantine came from any American grower. Nor was protection of American industry against foreign competition in any way considered. This quarantine was imposed, as every other quarantine under the act has been imposed, exclusively for the purpose of keeping out dangerous pests.

The statement which Mr. Van Aken quotes from Dr. Mar-

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latt, chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, as to making the United States largely independent of foreign supplies, has its basis not in trade protection but in protection against insect and other pests. A further statement by Dr. Marlatt, issued February 26, 1923, explains this clearly:

> A practical test over a seven-year period of the possibility of safeguarding plant imports by inspection and disinfection plainly indicated the inadequacy of this method, and the conclusion is forced that the only possible means of effectively lessening the introduction of new plant enemies is the policy of exclusion of all plants not absolutely essential to the agricultural and forestry needs of the United States. Carrying out this policy, quarantine 37 restricts the entry of most nursery stock and other ornamentals to certain purposes which are believed to be necessary to the development of American horticulture. Unlimited entry is permitted, however, of certain classes of plants which it is believed cannot at present be adequately produced in the United States, and provision is made for the entry of any other plant whatsoever for which a reasonable need can be shown, either for introduction of new varieties or for propagating stock not available in the United States, or for any experimental, educational, or scientific purpose.

Before deciding not to make the quarantine on narcissus bulbs effective until January 1, 1926, the Department of Agriculture endeavored to weigh carefully the probable infestation of American crops in the meantime by insects borne by these bulbs and the aesthetic loss that would be sustained by the public generally through being deprived of narcissi. The spread of infestation by insect pests tends to be slow, not rapid, as Mr. Van Aken seems to think, and the scientific authorities in the Department reached the conclusion that it was warranted in postponing the operation of the restrictions on the entry of these bulbs until 1926, to give opportunity for readjustments both in the countries of production and in the United States. Such postponement was further urged in order to make possible at least a start in home production so that the flower lovers in the United States would not necessarily be deprived of this popular bulb when the restrictions became effective.

Efforts have been made by various groups of persons to have the quarantine on narcissus bulbs revoked, and much money has been spent in propaganda to this end. These facts, of course, do not affect the merits of the case one way or the other.

When I became Secretary of Agriculture, however, I determined to review the whole matter for myself. A public hearing was held, and I am now engaged in gathering authoritative scientific data on the situation. I have not reached a decision, but I can say that my decision will rest on answers to three questions, and on nothing else:

1. Do imported narcissus bulbs carry pests which menace American agriculture and horticulture?

2. If so, have methods been devised and put into effect whereby these pests will be removed before the bulbs reach the people of the United States?

3. If dangerous pests are carried by these bulbs and are not removed before reaching us, are these pests already so widely distributed in the United States that their further entry will not materially aggravate the situation; in other words, that they are already out of control and that there is no longer any possibility of safeguarding any considerable portion of our territory?

The value of the Plant Quarantine Act and the soundness with which it has been administered are indicated by the fact that, disregarding altogether the narcissus controversy, only one important plant pest, the pink bollworm, has been found to have become established in the United States since the act went into effect, as against seven major pests that became established in the four years prior to the passage of the law.

Washington, D. C., December 23 W. M. JARDINE,
Secretary of Agriculture

Saintsbury

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Saintsbury, Octogenarian suggested a phrase to me. Not being vinous in my tastes, I follow Mr. Saintsbury more readily into the grot than into the cellar, but it struck me that much of the man might be *distilled* into a dozen words: Saintsbury—a man for whom wine is poetry and poetry is wine.

Minneapolis, December 2 O. W. FIRKINS

A Word on Women's Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 9 Ruby A. Black closes an article entitled Jobs for Women with the words: "Nothing is easier than choosing statistics."

This dictum few readers will dispute. It is in achieving enlightening interpretation that difficulties arise. For instance:

> Since the war the number of women who earn incomes large enough to be taxed under the federal income-tax laws has tripled. The total income taxes paid by the 813,819 women filing separate returns in 1921 was approximately $113,000,000, on net incomes of $2,098,028,624.
>
> The actual increase in the number of women gainfully employed was a half-million between 1910 and 1920. But taking into consideration the increase in population, the proportion of women gainfully employed really decreased 2.3 per cent in the decade. In 1910 23.4 per cent of all women over ten years old were gainfully employed, while in 1920 only 21.1 per cent of the entire feminine population were earning money. Thus the increase in the amount of taxable income reported by women must be due to an increase in earning power.

The foregoing sentences from Miss Black's article raise puzzling questions. Is the reader to understand that "net incomes of $2,098,020,624," attributed to women for 1921, are *earned* incomes? The mere fact that separate returns are filed by women indicates nothing as to this unless the returns themselves show the source.

Owing to the increase of tax rates between the years 1910 and 1920, many women in the later years filed separate returns whose income in the earlier years was included with that of their husbands in joint returns made by the husband. In practically all these cases the income of the women is derived from investments and is not earned.

If, however, the $2,098,020,624 are earned incomes, why is the reader left in doubt? And if they are not earned incomes, what is the meaning of the last sentence in the quotation? For if they are not earned, they are derived from investments. These, in the case particularly of well-to-do women, are usually the result of inheritance or gifts. How then can they conceivably prove anything as to women's earning power?

New York, December 17 FLORENCE KELLEY

Otto Carqué's Book Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though somewhat belated, it is never too late to undo an injustice. And a most grievous act of literary and academic vandalism has been perpetrated—be it unwittingly—by the anonymous reviewer of Otto Carqué's book "Rational Diet," a monumental work of thorough scholarship and up-to-the-minute research. In a few flippant and trivial lines the reviewer disposes of a voluminous scientific work of a lifetime by one who is at once one of the pioneers and foremost students of modern dietetics—a science still in its 'teens.

That there can be no doubt of the correctness of my charge of injustice is self-evident from the reviewer's own words, which evince not only that he has not kept abreast, but

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is even lacking in the fundamentals of modern dietetics, a stripling science which is fast growing into the preventive science of medicine of the future: the only therapeutics worthy of the name of science. For instance, the reviewer betrays a shocking ignorance of the subject when he scoffs at the author's stressing of the essential dietetic import of the organic salts in foods, and characterizes as "medieval" the author's reference of the nutritional valency of foods to their electronic vibrations: the two outstanding achievements of modern dietetics, which such eminent scholars as Professor Sherman and the late Jacques Loeb, in this country alone, have respectively treated in their studies of the subject. In justice to the reviewer in question be it parenthetically stated that he is in this regard "at home" with the vast majority of our official "priests of health," the medical profession.

The "review" was a demolishing criticism of the reviewer rather than of the author, in so far as concerns those readers of *The Nation* who are grounded in the subject; but the injustice nevertheless remains as far as the vast number of lay readers are concerned.

New York, December 13 SAMUEL ROSENBLOOM

The Influence of "House Organs"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer is one, perhaps among many, who has marveled at the decline of recent liberal movements and has sought a cause. Despite the report of a rise in membership of the American Federation of Labor for 1925, the first such report since 1920, ample evidence exists that the labor movement has suffered along with liberal political endeavors. Such recessions do not just happen. The supreme confidence of leaders of the National Manufacturers' Association at their annual meeting in St. Louis, Missouri, the week of October 26, left no observer in doubt as to who are the powers that are directing things under a benevolent Republican administration headed by Coolidge.

I say again, such things do not just happen.

A medium of publicity exists in this country which is, I believe, very little known and despite its relative obscurity wields a tremendous influence, politically and economically. I refer to the so-called "house organs," published by smaller and larger manufacturers and corporations. Thousands of copies of this class of publication are printed monthly and some oftener. With my limited opportunities of observation, being a typesticker, I have been enabled to judge quite a number of them, and especially during the campaign last year not one that I read could be classed as liberal. I am safe in stating that none favored La Follette.

Their circulation is confined to employees and, of course, they exchange with publications of similar viewpoint. The viewpoint is, as one may readily guess, that of the "Big Boss," and what he says goes. I have seen "editorials" in which the "old boy" told 'em plenty. Is it a far-fetched assumption to say that these dispensers of industrial and economic cocaine may be credited with bringing about the somnolent condition with which such large numbers of free and independent citizens are afflicted?

St. Louis, October 29 GEORGE P. LISCHER

From Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Occasionally I feel that to merely *pay* for your brilliantly edited publication is not enough. I wish to use this opportunity to thank you for the many hours of pleasant entertainment, for the interesting information and the inspiration I have received through *The Nation*.

Monterey, Mexico, October 9 B. G. LEVY

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Books, Music, Plays

Astrology

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

With half the glittering heavens on his back,
He made a cheerful compromise with earth,
Holding no grudge against the zodiac
For having blazoned Virgo at his birth.
Out of a sky no longer comet-crossed
Or clogged with stars, he said, would come a sign;
And while he waited Life might well be lost,
Though all the kindlier planets were in trine.

Choosing between the jewel and the toad,
He somehow paltered, and we found a nook
In Time and Space for his enforced abode,
Growing accustomed to his absent look—
His anxiously apocalyptic air
Of seeming to be neither here nor there.

First Glance

THE Tudor Translations, begun under the general editorship of W. E. Henley in 1892 and abandoned a few years after his death in 1903, were not only a delight to the scholar's eye and to the collector's hand; they were as well a series of documents bearing upon the whole temper of Tudor England. Few enterprises in modern publishing have been more inspired, and few sets of books are now more eagerly sought after by those who can afford them. For as one looked over those gold and red backs one saw in something like actuality the stream of foreign literature which poured into England during the sixteenth century and prepared, among other things, for Shakespeare. Certain of the items were of the first importance for the study of Shakespeare's origins—Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, John Florio's Montaigne, Sir Geoffrey Fenton's Bandello, and Lord Berners's Froissart. Others—like these, too, of course—had individual distinction; William Adlington's Apuleius, Sir Thomas Hoby's Castiglione, Philemon Holland's Suetonius, and Thomas Underdowne's Heliodorus are fairly permanent classics. But all were precious chiefly as being original exhibits of the Tudor genius, and in a peculiar sense they were themselves original Tudor books. More modern translations have in many cases supplanted them by being more accurate or more readable—Tudor prose, whatever else it may be, is not easy. They hold their places nevertheless by virtue of the zest and the joy with which they were undertaken. It is no mere illusion the reader has that North, for instance, believed he was writing his own book. For literary purposes it is a fact. And so with the other translators in that century when the literature of a swelling nation reached out to absorb all the best literature of the reachable world.

Now a new series of Tudor Translations is under way (Knopf: $8.50 per volume). The general editor is Charles Whibley. The format of the volumes is, so far as I can determine, precisely like that of their predecessors—something which happens all too rarely in this time of change. And the contents are all that might have been hoped for. In North, Florio, Berners, Holland, and a few others Henley had the cream of the field, and Mr. Whibley can hardly hope to find more men as mighty. But riches still remain, as can be seen by the twelve volumes thus far issued. I have handled only three of these—two containing John Frampton's translation of "Joyfull Newes out of the Newe Founde Worlde, Written in Spanish by Nicholas Monardes, Physician of Seville," and one containing "B. R.'s" version of the first two books of Herodotus. Monardes writes with boundless gusto of the medicines—sarsaparilla, sassafras, tobacco, china-root, cannafistola, tacmahack, cinnamon, rhubarb, vinegar, iron—which he was one of the first to take and test as they arrived at Seville on ships returning from the West Indies. "B. R.," whose full name will probably never be known, falls upon the father of history with a possessive enthusiasm which occasionally all but ruins his sense yet continually keeps him on a high level of reality. Never before, not even in Rawlinson, have I so much enjoyed the book on Egypt; no less to "B. R." than to Herodotus himself Egypt was a "newe founde lande," and the most was made of it. Of the other nine volumes in the new series I understand that four are devoted to James Mabbe's translation of Matheo Aleman's "The Rogue," two to Thomas Newton's Seneca (the tragedies), two to George Pettie's translation of Stephen Guazzo's "Civile Conversation," and one to Thomas Heywood's Sallust.

MARK VAN DOREN

Great Catherine

Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

ONE expects a new biography of a famous historical figure either to present fresh material, the result of research, or to revise conventional interpretations of character in the light of the more modern psychology. Miss Anthony's study amply justifies itself on both counts. Furthermore, Miss Anthony portrays the empress with a keen eye for dramatic moments, with a convincing effect of continuity, and with a respect refreshingly tempered by humorous perception. The humor is casual and dry and effortless. "Altogether there were thirteen men with whom the empress made, so to speak, twelve unhappy marriages." After nine years of sterile matrimony with the ineffectual Grand Duke Peter, Catherine's ladies-in-waiting hit on the idea that the grand duchess might, by merely transgressing her marriage vows, redeem the situation and provide Russia with an heir. "It seems rather odd that all of them had been so slow in coming to this plan." Catherine's lovers "had been growing younger and younger until all the world expected her to end her life in the arms of a boy. So consistently had she lowered the age of consent, this seemed the only logical outcome."

But quotation must be resisted, for the humor is incidental, and the conception of Catherine's personality is not humorous. This conception is firmly based on the foundation of her childhood in Stettin, as the portionless princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. Letters, memoirs, diaries, unpublished even in Russia until shortly before the outbreak of the Great War, have made it possible to tell this significant part of Catherine's story almost in her own words. The deepest influence seems to have been that of her French governess, "Babet." "'That is not commonsense" represented a final judgment with the governess as it eventually did with the empress. Everybody else in Fike's early environment dealt in moral principles and religious dogmas; Babet seems to have been a realist." Miss Anthony thinks Babet and her realism must be the key to much that afterward

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astonished the world in the Empress of Russia: her advocacy of vaccination, for instance, or her shockingly rational manner of developing her love affairs. This study of "Fike's" childhood helps to explain the success of the fifteen-year-old girl in establishing herself securely in the glittering and treacherous environment of the Russian court. And from Fike, journeying to Russia to marry the Grand Duke without even a bridal chest, to the aging and infirm and toothless Catherine the Great, making her unconventional exit to her bedroom after an evening at cards, leaning on the arm of her young lover, one feels a single developing personality. Whether Miss Anthony has the "real" Catherine or not—who knows what that is?—she has presented an absorbingly interesting human being, recognizable from childhood to death.

Among Miss Anthony's contributions to historical scholarship is the reduction of Catherine's lovers from a legendary three hundred to a meager baker's dozen, counting her husband, Peter; and the recognition that her son and successor, Paul, was a Saltykov, not a Romanov. Historians, aware of the doubt about Paul's paternity, have yet found so many traits in him of his putative father that they have regarded him as the son of Peter. Miss Anthony traces this puzzling resemblance to Paul's obsessions: he so feared being found out as a bastard and losing the throne, and so hated his mother—who returned the compliment—that he went in for a systematic imitation of the personal habits and tastes and abnormalities of the murdered Peter. And the ironic gods put the finishing touch to the performance by providing Paul with almost an exact duplicate of Peter's violent end. The psychology of Peter, of Paul, and of Catherine in relation to both is enriched by unobtrusive suggestions that the psychoanalyst will appreciate. In fact, every figure of importance is illumined by these flashes of the post-Freudian era. The most daring—and the most discreetly veiled—of Miss Anthony's interpretations concerns Catherine's puzzling love experience. All of her lovers were tall, well-built men who graced a military uniform; recalling the tall and handsome military officer who was her father, Prince Christian. And of her last lover: "his eyes wore that dreamy look which his predecessors all the way back to Prince Christian had always worn." "The woman who had had twelve lovers never learned to love."

A fascinating lady: whether dressed in uniform, oak leaves in her hair, mounted on a white horse, riding to seize her kingdom; or making a triumphal progress with Potiomkin to the Crimea, intoxicated with her dream of Constantinople; or protecting her adored grandson Alexander from botanical revelations of sex; or cleaning up the internal affairs of Russia with the dispatch of a German *Hausfrau* at her spring-cleaning. "Well-satisfied with all these cleanings, she wiped her hands on her apron and sat down to her silk embroidery. She was working on a gorgeous robe, with stitches as delicate and perfect as the Chinese can make them, to be presented to the Archimandrite of the Troitsky monastery."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Better than Textbooks

American Economic Life. By Rexford Guy Tugwell, Thomas Munro, and Roy E. Stryker. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

America in Civilization. By Ralph E. Turner. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

MESSRS. Tugwell, Munro, and Stryker have provided for the student more straight facts and more sound sense about American economic life than we have ever seen gathered in equal space before. Instead of dreary and highly dubious laws about the economic man, marginal utility, and the canons of supply and demand, they have given us on a great canvas the physical picture of the economic background—soils, farms, manufacturing plants, cities, systems of transportation and exchange. Instead of the usual obeisance before the entrepreneur, they have proved that that nineteenth-century gentleman is no longer a factor seriously to be reckoned with in the going industrial structure. Instead of hymns to laissez faire, they trace the decline and fall of laissez faire before the onslaughts of horizontal and vertical combinations, gentlemen's agreements, and big business generally. They accept these combinations as less wasteful to operate, and on the whole an improvement—particularly if they can be controlled by public authority. Instead of pages of dialectics, they have given us a magnificent array of tables, charts, photographs, diagrams, and, to drive a point home deftly, cartoons. Instead of dull description of life at different economic levels, they have given us selections from "Babbitt." They are, in short, three militant exponents of the new school of experimental, quantitative economics; they face the world they live in, and they have given up the hopeless task of trying to bound it by the conditions which may or may not have obtained in Manchester seventy-five years ago.

We start with a description of rural and urban poverty (the lower depths), work up to the comfort level, the middle class, the professional man, and finally look in upon the regal splendors of the new plutocracy. This is the way Americans are living today, and we note the appalling gulf between Bayonne and Fifth Avenue. We go on to quantitative consideration of the economic plant through whose operation goods for consumption are turned out—agricultural production, factory production. At this point considerations of waste become very important. What are the limits of increasing farm output through a greater employment of scientific method; what the limits of coordinating and "balancing the load" in factory production? Nor is the population question forgotten. What is the number of mouths that the industrial system will have to feed in the calculable future? The authors doubt, giving due consideration to birth control, whether we shall run over 200 million. Particularly illuminating is the distinction drawn—following Veblen—between "industry" and "business." The former has to do with providing a maximum of sound goods at a minimum of human effort; its proponent is the engineer. The latter has to do with securing the maximum of profit in terms of price at the cost of whomever it may concern; it dominates economic life today, and its proponent is the go-getter. Then follows a section on raising standards of living by a more intelligent use of income, which opens up the whole vast field of wastes in consumption. Finally, all the major plans for fundamental economic adjustment are reviewed—socialism, cooperation, collective bargaining, government ownership, syndicalism, guild socialism—ending with a section on criteria for judgment of these proposals—tolerant, unprejudiced, and highly intelligent criteria.

But the concluding chapter leaves us a little puzzled—filled as it is with sweetness and light. Our economic system is a wasteful muddle; "86 per cent of our people live in poverty, while a few command an immense aggregate control over income that permits them to indulge in such extravagances as were never known in the world before"; we have advanced the technical arts to a place where, if intelligently directed, industry might provide the good life for all, but the intelligent direction is not forthcoming. Nevertheless our authors are optimistic. They come down like a ton of bricks on poor Scott Nearing for his skepticism; they deal severely with all "prophets of despair." They just know that everything is coming out all right. Without violence. Well, one can only hope to God they are right.

Mr. Turner's book is likewise a textbook, and likewise an extraordinarily good one. It lays before the student—and nobody is too old or too wise to be a student in the premises—all the major elements which fuse to make a nation's culture—

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culture in the broad anthropological sense. The roots of our religion, our history, our educational and economic systems, the growth and the current status of the physical and social sciences, the effects of geography and climate, the evolution of politics are admirably summarized and admirably presented. The book covers just about that quantity of information which a thoughtful and intelligent citizen desiring to keep up with the times should carry around with him as reachable mental equipment. One might even go so far as to predict that if the contents of this book did today constitute the intellectual equipment of all able-bodied citizens in America, war and poverty would be forever impossible, intolerance and superstition would vanish, children for the first time in the world's history would be intelligently and lovingly reared, the Ku Klux Klan would evaporate, Bryan would fall out of Olympus, tabloid newspapers would be unheard of, and national advertising would shrink 98.7 per cent. But the human ego would still have its Gethsemanes, and the unending warfare of the sexes would remain unabated. STUART CHASE

A Novel in Images

The Grand Écart. By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Lewis Galantier. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

I SHOULD not be surprised to be told that the various manners of Jean Cocteau are now regarded as vieux jeux by the members of the latest artistic cliques of Paris, for though he was not born until 1891 he has already been more than a decade before the public. But to those Americans who know only by report of his ballets, "Parade" and "Mariés de la Tour Eiffel," who are not quite capable of distinguishing between the Mallarméenne, the cubistic, and the dadaistic influences which Frenchmen trace in his successive works, and who have probably heard of him chiefly through his connection with Eric Satie, he is indisputably "modern," the quotation marks about the word serving to indicate that it does more than place him in time, that it connects him vaguely with that international and heterogeneous group which includes all those from Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot to James Joyce and Gertrude Stein who are seeking some new form of expression even more ardently, perhaps, than they are seeking new things to express. His is an agile, a protean, mind which records its impressions in cryptically extravagant phrases, but his talent, whether great or small, is undoubtedly genuine, and the translation of this brief prose tale gives Americans an admirable opportunity to analyze and to judge him, for though its style is highly fantastic it is, unlike his verses, never other than comprehensible.

Perhaps "The Grand Écart" might best be described as a biographical novel written in imagistic abbreviation. Of its hero in his maturity it is said: "He summoned rhymes from one end of the world to the other, joining them in such fashion that they appeared to have rhymed since the beginning of time. By rhymes I mean—anything at all. Rudely he jostled names, faces, actions, hesitant remarks, stretching them as far as they would go." And this hero is at least the spiritual brother of the author, for such is the most accurate description of the style in which the book is written, a style, that is to say, which perpetually substitutes far-fetched but often strikingly apt images for any straightforward exposition. The setting of the first part, for example, is thus described: "Seen in the daylight, Venice is a sumptuous county-fair shooting gallery in crumbs; at night, it is a negress in love, dead in her bath with her paste jewels." And when the author wishes to say that his youthful hero, having gone out alone one night, has a love affair and returns a changed person to a mother who does not know that anything has happened, he writes instead: "At the circus, a careless mother allows her child to take part in the experiment of a Chinese magician. He is put into a box. The box is opened—empty. It is closed again. Opened once more, the child appears and goes back to his seat. It is no longer the same child. But no one suspects that." The sister of his mistress resembles her "as a plaster cast resembles its marble original; that is to say that they were alike, save in everything."

The technique is thus one not wholly unfamiliar to readers of much modern poetry, and in prose we have something not wholly unrelated in the novels of our own Maxwell Bodenheim. For words and phrases which, worn slick by use, may slide over the surface of the mind are substituted metaphors so unusual that they cannot be comprehended at all except by a mind which keeps actively and thoroughly awake. The author, fearing the cliche, finds even the enigma preferable; and despairing of giving any connected account of his chaotic experiences in a chaotic universe he contents himself with dissociating all ideas and images from their usual companions in order to marry a few of them to new and unusual mates.

At its best this style achieves the brief, intermittent, and vivid illumination of a series of sky-rockets; at its worst it degenerates into a new Euphuism neither better nor worse than that fashionable Elizabethan style which depended upon similitudes taken from unnatural history and which measured its success by the distance from which a comparison was fetched. In a sense it is a confession of failure, of the author's inability to see any pattern in either the external or the internal universe and of his absorption in means of expression because of his inability to find anything really important worth saying for its own sake. It is, moreover, perpetually in danger of degenerating into a game of words, of producing nothing more important than such things as the following couplet from Hugo which fascinated the hero of the present book because, though it has no other virtue, it accomplishes the apparently impossible task of making the second line absolutely indistinguishable in sound from the first:

> Gall, amant de la reine, alla, tour magnanime,
> Galamment, de l'arène à la Tour Magne, à Nîmes.

As an old lady, bewildered by a discussion of this couplet, remarks: "All that, my children, does not alter the fact that this Gall was the queen's lover," and there is something to be said, even by a literary critic, for her insistence upon fixing her chief attention on content.

Yet it must be confessed that Cocteau uses this style in a manner which proves that it is by no means wholly an affectation, and unlike most he even succeeds in achieving a cumulative effect. His sufficiently familiar story of a youth permanently wounded by the collapse of his first love affair has something besides its brilliant flashes, for it manages in a very surprising manner to move even while it dazzles. Frankly I doubt if major literature is ever quite so fantastic; no great and permanently important style has ever, I believe, broken quite so violently from tradition, and there is historically every reason for believing that such writers as Cocteau will seem in perspective stylistic sports interesting chiefly as the freaks of nature are interesting. Yet he is no impostor and no fool. Temperament and circumstance, his own mind, and the tendencies of his time have forced him into a means of expression whose limitations are narrow. And because of them he has written only effective curiosities. Yet he is a master at his own trade. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Conrad Aiken's Poetry

Priapus and the Pool. By Conrad Aiken. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Senlin: A Biography. By Conrad Aiken. London: The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MOST of Conrad Aiken's poetry has possessed an excellence unimpeachably its own. This excellence has been accompanied by others out of the poetry of several contemporaries—two poems by Mr. Eliot alone, "Prufrock" and "La Figlia Che Piange," have informed much of his work with an attitude—

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and one suspects that, after all, he may have received too much attention. Yet he has deserved some; for he is almost the only living American poet who has satisfactorily developed a personal experience within the obvious metrical possibilities of certain lyrical forms. It is probable that Mr. Aiken has written as many as a dozen distinguished lyrics—a surprising achievement for any one in that genre—but the key to his failures in the more ambitious schemes, like "Senlin," seems to lie in an explanation of his repetitiousness, of his diffuseness.

Mr. Aiken cannot with any conviction sustain an idea through its elaborations in a long poem. "Priapus and the Pool" and "Senlin" are collections of detached lyrics: the sole unifying character in such poems is the external pattern of a theme which remains, throughout, a point of reference and does not become an interior motivation giving the work form. Too often Mr. Aiken discards his sensibility to meet the demands of this pattern; and this means, of course, that since he rejects the rhythms of his own sensation his poetry seldom has internal rhythm and proceeds solely as a metrical contrivance. Thus there is a great deal of rhetorical padding in his work—which is to say, there is diffuseness. When Mr. Aiken cannot place his emotion in definite perceptions he scatters it with a decorative phrase:

> Into the azure world I call my heart . . .

Complex states of consciousness and conflicts of powerful feeling he usually avoids by appealing to their supposedly cosmic implications:

> Senlin, walking before us in the sunlight,
> Bending his long legs in a peculiar way,
> Goes to his work with thoughts of the universe.

"Universe" occurs too frequently in his poetry, and too significantly. But Mr. Aiken is indubitably the poet in his gift of pictorial visualization:

> . . . the blue hills
> Flashing like dolphins under a light like rain.

Only, he does not assimilate his vision with an emotion, with a subject-matter.

For Mr. Aiken, along with other gifted modern poets, has not found an important subject matter at all. Mr. Eliot has a *pointilliste* brilliance and at the same time his work is obscure in its totality; perceptually very sensitive, he cannot relate his sensation to a material more intimate than a philosophy of the present state of European culture, a subject matter that doubtless can never be comfortably elucidated by any American. Though now living in England Mr. Aiken is not appreciably aware of this problem in his poetry, but if he were, through even some very personal extension of it, his work might be at once less thinly diffuse and laudably more obscure. This is not said in the wish that he should become another sort of poet; simply that he needs, and deserves, to be a better one.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

The Action of Alcohol on Man. By E. H. Starling. With essays on Alcohol as a Medicine, by Robert Hutchison; Alcohol and Its Relations to Problems in Mental Disorders, by Sir F. W. Mott; and Alcohol and Mortality, by Raymond Pearl. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

In a state more ideal than our own—more ideal than any in Europe, for that matter—one cannot imagine legislators passing upon the question of prohibition without having gathered (and been guided by) such facts as are presented in this book. It is the product of a physiologist, a general physician, a neurologist, and a vital statistician, and each of these is preeminent in his particular field. "The weight of pertinent criticism," writes Dr. Pearl, at the close, "indicates that the consumption of alcoholic beverages up to an amount and frequency which in common parlance is called moderate (the precise measure of this amount and frequency probably varying to some extent with each individual) does not sensibly shorten the mean duration of life or increase the rate of mortality. . . . This *conclusion* is a statistical one. It may or may not be true for any particular individual."

Passion and Pain. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Bernard G. Richards Company. $2.50.

The ferment of the mind of man rather than his physical agitation forms the theme of these stories, which are, with one exception, detailed records of individual reaction to the dominating forces of contemporary life. The book thus voices an eloquent protest against the unsocial laws of society, but it fails to achieve complete conviction through the intense subjectivity of the characters who cannot emerge from self-pity to see universal futility. Stefan Zweig has shown in his biographical and dramatic work the keenest appreciation of psychic development and struggle through participation in communal activity; here he indicates the isolation possible to the spirit of man in the midst of exuberant life and the horror of this loneliness.

Peter the Czar. By Klabund. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Merezhkovski's "Peter and Alexis" pales to a polite history beside Klabund's brilliant and impressive masterpiece wherein Peter the Great rouses Russia from her immemorial slumber by the ferocious energy of his cruel genius. It is an amazing synthesis of history and legend that does Peter's whole reign in a brief space of pages. It is a unique and miraculous work drawing to its heart all the lust and splendor of the great czar and all the frantic terrors and the dark sadism and the mystical tenderness of Russia.

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright.
Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni & Liveright.
Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. Doran.
The Grand Écart. By Jean Cocteau. Putnam.
The Professor's House. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
Other Provinces. By Carl Van Doren. Knopf.
Mrs. Dalloway. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace.
The Guermantes Way. By Marcel Proust. Seltzer.
Death in Venice. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
Serena Blandish, or The Difficulty of Getting Married. By a Lady of Quality. Doran.
Bread and Circuses. By W. E. Woodward. Harpers.
Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Oxford University.
Anatole France at Home. By Jean-Jacques Brousson. Lippincott.
John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.
The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen Mullin. Century.
Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf.
The Pilgrimage of Henry James. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
Renoir: An Intimate Record. By Ambroise Vollard. Knopf.
Dionysus in Doubt: A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan.
Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.

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Dialogues in Limbo. By George Santayana. Scribner's.
Americana—1925. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan.
The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl. Knopf.
The Psychology of Religious Mysticism. By James H. Leuba. Harcourt, Brace.
The Mentality of Apes. By W. Koehler. Harcourt, Brace.

Music

Two Parodies

MR. DAMROSCH had not been sure whether he ought to play the next number of his program, "Modern Music Pleasant and Unpleasant." He felt a sincere admiration for the composer's early works, but this—well, he would let the audience judge for itself; to my intense relief, for he had already exercised his usual unwelcome last-minute discretion and sacrificed two of the Schönberg "Five Pieces" to his own wit in speech and program-making. I, for one, should gladly have forgone his opinion that good music must express human aspirations and emotions, the love of father for son, son for father, brother for sister, and so on down the line; nor should I have missed "The Ride of the Valkyrs," which, though a stroke of slightly self-conscious wit, was not relevant, and "The Beautiful Blue Danube," which was not even witty. What, again, Loeffler's "Memories of My Childhood" had contributed to the occasion I did not know; and it had taken longer than the two Schönberg "Pieces" would have done. But there had been fine moments, and one had arrived finally at Stravinsky's "Ragtime."

In music as in literature parody is produced by the use of an idiom by one to whom it is foreign—foreign, be it noted, not through birth but through experience and training. Conversely, when an idiom is used, consciously or unconsciously, by one to whom it is foreign, the result, whether intended or not, is almost inevitably parody. The term is applicable, then, not only to Casella's "In the Manner of . . .," but to a great deal of seriously conceived music—most obviously to *Kapellmeistermusik* or such miserable stuff as Ernest Schelling's "Impressions of an Artist's Life," but even to some of the neo-classical parts of Stravinsky's Concerto and Sonata for piano. And, whether this was seriously conceived or not, it was applicable to his "Ragtime."

For the melodic idiom of jazz is distinctive, and needs, therefore, a composer completely at home in it to produce what is first-rate, i.e., first-rate of its own type. In the hands of Stravinsky, therefore, it resulted in parody. Listening to a jazz orchestra over the radio one hears one stereotyped melodic device follow another (I might include the equally stereotyped devices of orchestration) until all these devices, which together make up the melodic idiom of jazz, become indistinguishable and fade into an accompanying patter without significance; and one is conscious only of the ceaseless percussion of the piano and guitar. It is this effect that Stravinsky reproduced by reeling off the cliches one after another, or rather, by barely suggesting them and superimposing these snatches on a too, too solid plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk. This became the sole reality; the rest, by the time the recapitulation started it all over again, was sheer nonsense; and the combination was a ghastly commentary in purely musical terms.

One might expect a similar result from the use of the idiom of serious music by a composer of jazz; and judging from Gershwin's Concerto for piano one would not be wrong. True, in selecting a form characterized by working-out, i.e., rhythmic manipulation of thematic material, Gershwin undertook only to apply to the melodic idiom of jazz the same treatment that is applied to the thematic idiom of serious music (the term melodic and thematic are used to express a difference, the significance of which I shall refer to later). But—and this is the answer to those who have been demanding such treatment for jazz—in so doing he undertook in effect to write serious music. For the difference in idiom, which is all that distinguishes a fox-trot from a Bach Bourrée ostensibly in the same meter, is, aside from the difference in melodic intervals (i.e., of pitch), precisely a difference in rhythmic treatment. That is, in the fox-trot every syncopation and rhythmic irregularity in the melodic embellishment only emphasizes the meter, implying it even when it is silent, as in the first languorous blues melody of the second movement of the Concerto; but in the Bourrée the meter is only a convenience for notation and performance, while first importance belongs to the melodic voice; and this, free of the slightest bondage to the meter, assumes in its original form whatever rhythmic shapes it pleases, which in the process of being worked out are further transformed and integrated into large rhythmic structures. As a result, while the themes of Gershwin's first movement were straight jazz, and, constrained by the necessity of later being worked out, not very good jazz, the working out of these themes had all the characteristics of serious music and sounded like it, except that in writing serious music Gershwin succeeded in producing nothing better than a rather poor imitation.

If on the other hand the second movement was first-rate, it was because, as a small form, it required no more than the few superb blues numbers that he strung together, quite indistinguishable in type from his blues numbers outside the Concerto. This is quite significant, for, as it happens, we find in serious music the use of folk-song limited almost entirely to small forms, in particular to the middle, lesser movements of symphonic works; and it has even been contended that the melodies of folk-music are not the stuff of which a sonata-allegro movement can be built since they resist the rhythmic manipulation to which themes are amenable, and that they have in fact been used for this purpose very little, if at all.

The significance of this is that the problem of American music and of its relation to jazz has been misconceived and misstated. From the fact that jazz is a type of American folk-music it has been inferred that it must provide the material for any serious music which is to be called American. But the definition of American serious music is, serious music—i.e., music in the European tradition—by an American; and even the few fragments left by Griffes demonstrate that this no more depends on American folk-music for its material than similar music by Europeans depends on European folk-music. From European precedent we may expect an American symphonic work to include jazz, when at all, only in its lesser movements, while the distinctively symphonic movements will be based on symphonic material. To write such a movement, then, Gershwin must, forgetting jazz for the moment if necessary, assimilate this material and the technique of handling it; in working with jazz, on the other hand, he had better forget about symphonic movements and their technique and apply to the material the treatment it suggests, of which he is already a master.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

Of Revues

REVUES have, of course, their drawbacks. There are moments of "art" which are pretty painful, and there are bits of comic relief which do not always relieve; but on the whole I prefer them to the more orthodox musical comedies from which they sprang, and that for a very philosophical

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reason—they are that which it is their nature to be more perfectly and more completely. The essential nature, the true inwardness of musical comedy, I take to be neither music nor comedy but something more simple and more fundamental. Feeble drama and tepid music are but decorous excuses for the sensuous delights which the spectacle of rhythmic bodies affords, and the revue, recognizing the fact with an honest frankness, is built around bodies. It has no stupid plot to bore the spectator and its music is frankly no more than the music of the dance, but it offers as a compensation the swaying body and the nimble limb in all the greater abundance. Nor can I, for one, pretend to be shocked by the increasing nakedness which the last few years have developed. Whatever may be the tradition of the moment, whether custom provide knee skirts for the chorus or whether it permit, as it does at present, the most liberal display, the fact remains that the body, half hidden or wholly revealed, furnishes the essential element of the charm, and I see nothing gained for morality, though much lost for beauty, in pretending that anything else is true. What was called in my boyhood "a leg show" has all the vulgarity of the key-hole, but the frank nudity of bodies trained to rhythm has its genuine beauty.

The "Greenwich Village Follies" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) and the "Earl Carroll Vanities" (Earl Carroll Theater), distinguished from one another chiefly by the fact that while the former tends toward elaborate decoration the latter has more confidence in the effectiveness of bare skin, have the defects as well as the excellences of their class. The humor of both is rather elementary and forced, though Florence Moore contributes some good work to the "Follies" and Julius Tannen (not very ably seconded by Frank Tinney) has his amusing moments in the "Vanities." The former, moreover, has a few of those solemn and arty scenes which, I am convinced, are kept in revues only because a portion of the audience always dutifully applauds whenever it is bored, it being, as it is, accustomed to recognize art by this depressant effect and ready to grant that, since whatever is art is boring, whatever bores must be art. And yet, withal, both of these revues provide in abundance what it is their real business to provide. They are to a democracy what troupes of dancing girls were once to kings. Throughout history any king who could afford the expense and disregard the scandal has kept his company to dance before him; but then it was the luxury of a few, while today there is no one above penury who may not be entertained in the way that the potentates of Babylon and of Rome were entertained. If Solomon had his seven hundred wives his relations with most of them cannot have been very intimate. Their real function, I suspect, was merely to stage his revues.

Aside from these spectacles there were no productions of the holidays which call for much comment except that of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio, which again lavishes its great talents upon the production of "The Daughter of Madame Angot"—a rather trifling and faded French operetta with an undistinguished score by Lecoq. "One of the Family" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a farce comedy which tells the story of an Adams of Boston who finally came, through the aid of an unaccustomed cocktail, to make his own declaration of independence from his managing aunt. It is genuinely funny, though highly reminiscent of many previous comedies.

The Children's Saturday Morning Theater, under the imaginative direction of Clare Tree Major, is producing a group of plays which once a week delight an audience of persons from 4 to 12 years old. This venture has grown from an experimental amateur effort undertaken in 1922 to a serious repertoire theater using careful technique and professional talent. The present production, which will remain for several Saturdays, is a dramatization, remarkably satisfying, of "Alice in Wonderland." So far the plays produced and scheduled have all been fantasies and fairy stories—mostly classics.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The French Occupation in Syria

THE following summary of the French occupation in Syria was compiled by Nazmie H. Anabtawy, a native of Palestine and a Syrian nationalist, who is now studying law at Yale. Most of the charges against the French administration contained in this summary are based upon reports in the Arabic press.

The French occupation in 1919 was confined to the Syrian coast, the interior being governed by a national government headed by Emir Feisal, today King of Iraq. The French policy was to create friction between Moslems and Christians so that additional justification might be found under the pretext of protecting Christians for staying in Syria. The seeds of trouble were sown. The High Commissioner used to receive in formal receptions the Maronite Patriarch first and the Mufti of the Moslems second. French officers began to show favoritism to the Maronites. New disputes were created, causing the Druses in southern Lebanon to revolt, whereupon the French soldiers burned Mazrat Ash-Shouf. To bring pressure upon the revolting men, women in the village were forced to leave for Bait Addin, a government center, to be exposed to intolerable humiliation by colonial officers and soldiers. While the French were engaged in the aforesaid expedition, the same causes aggravated by misconduct of the French officers brought another uprising in the district of Husn Al-Akrad. Punitive columns were dispatched. A number of villages were burned in order to quell the uprising and at the end an indemnity of £50,000 in gold was imposed and collected. Similar events took place also in the Jebel Amel and Alaween districts. The term gold here is not void of its significance. The French instituted a bank called the Bank of Syria with a capital of 10,000,000 [French] francs. The bank issued over 200,000,000 paper francs without any gold backing. French money since the opening of the bank has depreciated about 50 per cent, so the Syrian loss for the privilege of sharing with France in its destiny is about 100,000,000 francs. The French policy then was to collect the gold from the country and ship it to France. To attain this result all taxes were required to be paid in paper and every taxpayer was obliged to go to the bank to exchange money for paper bills. Apparently this was thought to be insufficient, so all indemnities which were to be levied were required to be paid in gold. *Al-Mukattam*, a leading newspaper in Cairo, says that the French soldiers committed horrors. It is a fact that in collecting the indemnities soldiers entered houses, took everything they pleased, thus violating the sanctity of private houses, and confiscated property to be sold for a small price. When it is remembered that all that is used by farmers was confiscated, it will be easy to estimate the degree of the calamity.

In 1920 these conditions left homeless and penniless many persons who became bandits and roamed from one place to another attacking travelers on the highways and even villages to such an extent that it was difficult for the French Government to cope with the situation while engaged in a conflict with Turkey in Cilicia. The French attributed this to the National Government of Damascus, which at that time prevented France from using the Ryak-Aleppo Railroad to transport soldiers and arms to Cilicia. Finally General Gouraud sent an ultimatum to the National Government of Damascus on July 14, 1920, making the following demands:

1. Absolute control of the railway from Ryak to Aleppo.
2. The abolition of conscription.
3. Acceptance of the French mandate (though not given yet to France by the League).
4. Acceptance of Syrian currency (paper money issued by the Bank of Syria without any gold backing).
5. Punishment of offenders who were most compromised by their acts of hostility against France.

Realizing that refusal meant war, this was accepted by the Government of Damascus before the expiration of the time limit. Yet General Gouraud forced his way to Damascus claiming unreasonably that the answer had not been received by him. The Syrian army had been disbanded to execute the terms of the ultimatum and therefore it was useless for Syrians to fight or to remobilize their army in such a short time. It was a dishonorable act on the part of France to move its forces after the terms of the ultimatum were accepted on the ground that the answer did not reach its destination, though it was given to the French representative at Damascus. This invasion of Damascus put an end to the National Government there, and King Feisal left Syria for Europe.

General Gouraud, following the invasion, divided the country into several states, each one independent of the other, but all receiving their orders from the High Commissioner at Beirut. This action partitioning Syria was an attempt to isolate the anti-French elements, though such action was very harmful to the country.

The places burned by the French forces in 1920 were:

1. Part of the city of Antakya.
2. Village of Alhummam.
3. The two towns of Babna and Alhufeh.
4. Banias—an important town.
5. Five villages in the district of Lazkeyah and many other plantations.
6. Many villages in the district of Jebel Amel with the indemnity of £50,000 in gold imposed and collected by harsh methods.

Damascus also was forced to pay £100,000, following the invasion of the city by the French army. There seems to have been no occasion for the imposition and collection of this indemnity on Damascus except to inaugurate the French rule there.

In 1921, after these disgraceful acts of France, one of the peasant bands attacked the High Commissioner near Damascus. The official announcement admitted that the neighboring villages did not have a part in the attack, yet the newspaper *Al-Balagh* of Beirut, in publishing the accounts of the expedition June 23, 1921, gave a statement to the effect that "by order of the High Commissioner (five) of the neighboring villages were burned; their property was confiscated and sold." Many villages near Aleppo had been burned also.

In 1922 when Mr. Charles Crane paid a visit to Syria a committee formed of nationalists and notables headed by Dr. Shahbender, ex-foreign minister in the late Damascus Government, met him to show the Syrians' appreciation of his unbiased investigation in 1918 and to ask him to convey to America the Syrian protest against the intolerable conditions under the French. As the name of Mr. Crane is very well known in Syrian circles, due to his visit, a demonstration took place, whereupon martial law was proclaimed and leaders and notables numbering 436 persons, as stated by the newspaper *Alimran* of Damascus, were either imprisoned or banished. Among these was Dr. Shahbender. In the course of another demonstration at Homs five persons were killed by Senegalese soldiers.

In 1924 a French officer was attacked near Palmyra, whereupon the French authorities destroyed by bombs five villages. The women of the villages were outraged and 5,500 sheep were confiscated as indemnity. All this was because a person attacked a French officer. Arms were collected from Lebanon also. Officers intrusted with the task committed horrors which *Al-Mukattam* described as a "painful drama."

In 1925 the following events took place:

1. The bombardment of Damascus and the declaration there of martial law for fifteen years, with a large sum of money in gold and 3,000 rifles levied as indemnity.

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2. Destruction of part of the city of Hama and the imposition upon the inhabitants of £150,000 in gold as indemnity.

3. Destruction of sixteen villages and one town near Damascus.

4. Bombardment of eighty villages in Jebel Druse.

5. Before the bombardment of Damascus one of the reasons that stirred up the inhabitants was the exposing of nationalists captured and shot by the French. These bodies, strapped on camels, were paraded through the streets of the city.

There are many other complaints which His Excellency Emir Shekib Arslan, the representative of the Syrian nationalists in Europe, submitted on October 19, 1925, to the committee in charge of the mandates in the League of Nations, which may be summarized as follows:

1. The government passed a law raising the tax on real estate to such an extent that it was impracticable to transact business. People protested in vain. Finally they gathered and proceeded on their way to the Government House in a peaceful demonstration as a protest against such a law. Colonial soldiers dispersed the crowd by force, killing three persons.

2. The seizure of the Hejaz railroad, which is a line built by Moslems with contributions from the whole Moslem world. The seizure was without due process of law and was not temporarily made to meet any exigency.

3. The Department of Justice in Lebanon was amalgamated with that of France so that cases might be appealed, of course in the French language, to the courts of France. French justices were introduced into Syria and the French language was made the official language of the courts. Such an amalgamation from the Syrian point of view is an encroachment upon national sovereignty, especially since trials are conducted in French.

It is very interesting to Americans to know the expenditure of France in Syria. Mr. Loder in his book "The Truth About Mesopotamia" says that in "1920 the cost to France of civil administration in Syria was 185 million francs, of which 83 millions went to the budgets of the several Syrian states and 102 millions for expenses common to the whole country, including the High Commissioner's office." On the other hand, the expenditure for military purposes is enormous: from "118 million francs in 1919, during most of which year the army of occupation had been almost entirely British, the cost of the French forces jumped to 686 million francs in 1920 and 785 million francs in 1921. The budget of 1922 provided for an expenditure of 332 million francs for the maintenance of a force of 35,000 soldiers, instead of 70,000 previously considered necessary." Emir Shekib Arslan in an article written in the New York *Times Current History*, May, 1924, says that "France is at present voting 18,000,000 francs yearly as a secret fund for Syrian purposes. Last year the French Parliament tried to reduce this sum to 5,000,000 francs, but General Gouraud declared that with this sum he could not guarantee to maintain French influence in Syria. He was right, the Emir goes on saying, for with this 18,000,000 francs France subsidizes the newspapers, keeps many Bedouin chiefs from revolting, and supports thousands of spies in all parts of the country." But after all who pays this money? Syria. Article 2 of the text of the mandate for Syria provides: ". . . Nothing shall preclude Syria and Lebanon from contributing to the cost of the maintenance of the forces of the mandatory stationed in the territory." This means that Syria has to pay in part for the bullets and shells used in destroying Syrian cities and killing Syrian citizens.

The French High Commissioner in Syria acts as a small monarch, with unlimited executive and legislative powers. After a protest the Government consented to a so-called parliament, which is in fact nothing but a quasi-representative assembly, since the High Commissioner has power to veto the parliament's decisions and that body cannot even discuss anything unless the French authority permits it. It is curious that in the terms of the mandate there should appear not one constitutional limitation upon the powers of the High Commissioner.

Corruption in the departments of the Government does not need any comment beyond citing specific cases:

A bridge called Jisr Addamour was built during the Turkish regime for £8,000, Emir Arslan says. When it was carried away by a torrent three years ago a French engineer was charged with repairing it. It cost £45,000. When the engineer was accused before the court of justice all experts testified that the cost of repairing the damages should not exceed a few thousand pounds. But the case was dismissed on the ground that "a French engineer" could not be condemned on the testimony of a Syrian.

The noted Egyptian scholar and leader Ahmed Zeki Pasha after paying a visit to Syria investigating the conditions there has published a series of articles in *Esh-Shoura*, a newspaper of Cairo, citing many incidents bearing upon the conduct of the French officers in Syria. He said that a French officer in the custom house of Beirut has become a millionaire through bribery and when the matter was brought before the court the officer arose and said: "You cannot accuse me and if you do I will betray all your affairs." The case was dismissed. And the only punishment given was that the officer was asked to leave Syria for France with all the money he collected.

There are many other cases which, though they denote the corruption of the French officers, are yet amusing. Carbillet was a governor in Jebel Druse. Lieutenant Moreau was Carbillet's pet, and a certain cat was Moreau's pet. "Moreau," as the story is conveyed by Mr. Seabrooke to the American Press, "went to Damascus for the week-end. He locked his house and forgot the cat. The cat went prowling for scraps on the housetops of Sweda and never came back. A few days later the town crier of Sweda went through the streets beating the drum: 'An order from His Excellency the Governor. The cat of Lieutenant Moreau has been stolen. If it is not returned within twenty-four hours every household in Sweda will be fined one gold pound.'"

Such anecdotes may invite smiles to foreigners, but they are a source of suffering and misery for Syrians. The situation is not amusing. Syrian cities and villages are destroyed. Thousands are killed, honor is outraged, and property is confiscated. Many thousands roam from one place to another penniless and homeless. Tragedy and suffering are abroad in Syria, which has been the victim of so-called humanity and civilization.

The China Boycott

FROM its Swatow correspondent the *North-China Daily News* of Shanghai prints the following translation of a speech delivered by Chou En-lai, Chief of the Eastern Expedition Political Department, on November 12, 1925, to representatives of the Swatow Labor Unions.

China has suffered from the invasion of international capitalistic imperialism that dwarfs and suppresses the growth of her industries. The worst effect of this aggression is felt and experienced in South China, namely, in Hongkong, Swatow, and Amoy. The value of the trade between Swatow and the British merchants of Hongkong is at least $200,000 per day. If Swatow can follow Canton methods of strike and boycott, her importance will be on a parity with that of the provincial capital. The proof of this statement can be seen in the unusual apprehension felt by the Hongkong Government when the strike and boycott was first declared here, and the said government has attempted to break them up by hook or by crook.

Seeing that the Nationalist Government was determined to side with labor in its dealings with foreigners, Hongkong resorted to all conceivable means that might tend to the destruction of the Canton Government.

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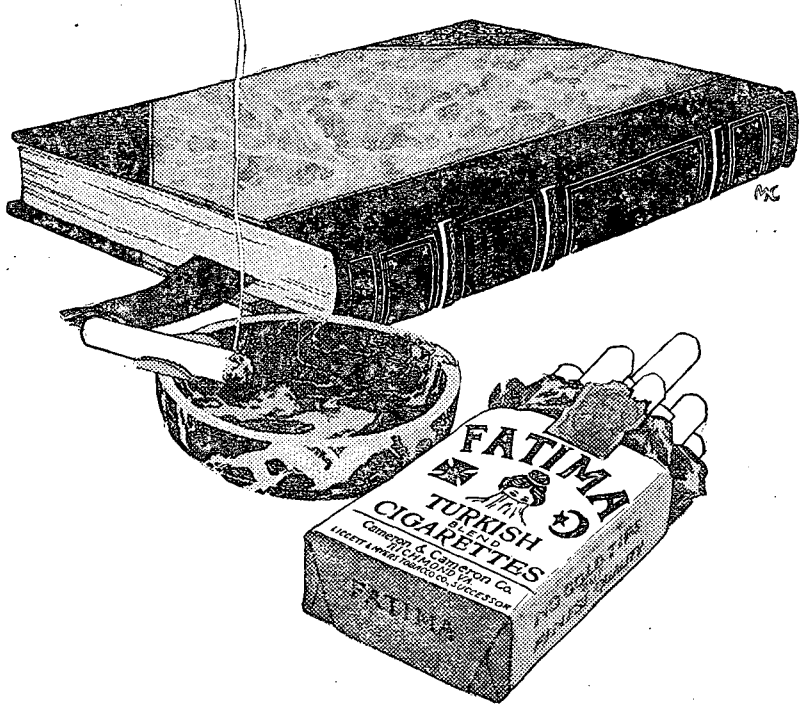

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In the very heart of Canton they instigated traitors like Ngai Bongping, Leong Hung-kai, Muh Sung, etc., to rebel. Here in Swatow they provoked the bandits. Chien Chiung-ming, Liu Chi-lu, etc., were the trained hounds of the Hongkong imperialists. To prove their faithfulness to their masters they instituted oppression here by dissolving labor unions, putting their leaders under arrest, and suppressing every kind of patriotic movement. Among those present there must be many who have had some thrilling experience of these brutes. In spite of this, however, you have pulled yourselves through intact—an achievement which clearly proves your valor and strength of character.

The Nationalist Government realizes that the best means of bringing about the real unification of China is to overthrow all forms of imperialism, among which the foremost is the Hongkong Government. Unless imperialism is overthrown completely it is absolutely futile to attempt any crusade against native militarism. In the dying commands of our late President, Sun Yat-sen, we find this theory vividly explained to us.

As imperialism is now recognized by the National Government as the real enemy, the Government will support the strike against it, and as the laboring classes have suffered oppression at the hands of this imperialism, they should cooperate with the Government. . . .

The Nationalist Government will do more than merely help the working classes; it will support them, encourage them, and direct them in their attacks upon imperialists. You may wonder why the Government should go to this trouble. In explanation I will tell you that the workers have in their hands the most effective weapon for the destruction of imperialism. This weapon as you can understand is the strike which you have instituted. . . .

How powerful the strike is! We have never had anything like it in our diplomatic history since the famous Opium War. It is because of this that the Nationalist Government is so anxious to help and support the movement in Swatow, so that the struggle may continue until the very life of Hongkong is wrung out of the colony.

We have firm belief in the effectiveness of the strike, and because of this immediately upon our arrival here we telegraphed urgently to the Canton Government and to the Hongkong and Canton Strike Committee to connect the movement here with their own and introduce a common policy for joint prosecution. Before these uniform methods of procedure are thought out, however, I should like to make the following suggestions for your guidance:

1. In dealing with foreigners: Continue the observance of economic relations with the British. British residents in China who are willing to obey Chinese laws and jurisdiction shall have adequate protection for their lives and properties. Those who refuse to put themselves under the control of the Chinese law shall be driven out of the country.

We strikers are not against the British residents as individuals; we are against their Hongkong imperialism. Beyond this, however, all our acts and movements should be highly civilized, because we are only at the stage of giving warnings and not at that of declaring war. We are not afraid of them, mind you, and we firmly believe that some day or other we shall overthrow British imperialism.

But there is American imperialism, Japanese imperialism, French imperialism, etc. You will ask, what attitude should we maintain toward these? We know that all these imperialisms are exactly alike in oppressing and plundering China, and we should therefore overthrow them all.

But for the present we shall deal with the British alone and give the American, the Japanese, and the French time to learn from the lesson being taught the British. Meanwhile they will be carefully watched to see what attitude they adopt.

If they should secretly extend supplies of food to the British, they will be treated in every way like the British. Their ships may run between Swatow and Canton, but they will not be allowed to touch Hongkong. By means of these tactics we are sure to hold the very life of Hongkong in our hands.

2. In dealing with ourselves: Under this heading I find that there are three things we should attend to at once.

(*a*) As rapidly as possible the exact number of laborers in Swatow should be ascertained. At present there is no one who knows the exact number. This is a bad state of affairs. Striking is not unlike fighting. If a fighter does not know exactly how many comrades he has with him, he is bound to be defeated. The same is true of labor unions. If a union does not know how many members it should enrol or has admitted, that union is bound to be weak.

(*b*) Workers on strike should be properly educated. They must be taught why they should strike and what effect their strike will produce on China and the world. If a striker understands by the term "strike" nothing more than receiving a few cents daily gratis there is an immense danger in front of him. Take Lin Chi-lu's troops, for example. They never had any proper training, and because of the lack of it they were defeated notwithstanding their anxiety to win.

In Canton we have many institutions for the benefit of the workers. There are the Laborers' Schools, the Pickets Training Classes, etc. Here in Swatow, the unions must arrange for the proper training of their members.

(*c*) Nowadays, where financial questions are concerned, in all our undertakings, we have a budget not withheld from publicity. By this we know how much we have to spend per day, how much we have left, and how long we can keep things running. If we only know how many subscriptions we have collected, and how much we have paid out, we are sure to be met by failure before we have gone very far. If a fair distribution of the funds is not attended to, you can never expect your members to have confidence in you. I am sure that you all understand this point very well, and I wish therefore that you would forthwith accord your very best and most prompt attention to this phase of the work.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON wrote and illustrated "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and "Tolerance." His page of drawings, The Universe, Inc., will appear every week in *The Nation*.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is assistant professor of history at Columbia University, and author of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway." He gave an address on the subject of his article in this issue at a recent luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association in New York.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS, formerly of the staff of *Current Opinion*, contributes verse to various periodicals.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is a member of the faculty of Columbia University and co-author with Angus Burrell of "Dead Reckonings in Fiction."

STUART CHASE, one of the directors of the Labor Bureau and author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is acting as special editorial writer for *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE has been editor of the *Fugitive*, published in Nashville, Tennessee.

B. H. HAGGIN wrote the article, The Pedant Looks at Jazz, in the Christmas Book Number of *The Nation*.

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